



No. 442.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,  
TO BE INSTALLED TO-DAY AS MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL,  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Gift of Kimberley to the King—The Duke of York's Toothache—The Punjab Government and Simla.*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been pleased to accept from the hands of the Mayor of Kimberley a model of the big gun made during the siege which played such an important part in the defence of the Town of the Diamonds. The making of "Long Cecil" proved how talent can adapt itself to circumstances, for the designer of the gun was the head engineer of the mines, a man of peace whose life had been spent in solving problems connected with shafts and tunnels. He had no drawings to go by, and the little field-pieces the garrison possessed were of small use as models; but the gun, when completed, was in every way satisfactory, and the foreign soldiers-of-fortune who were with the Boers have recorded the astonishment of the enemy's gunners when they found the shots of their "Long Tom" answered by a piece of equal calibre.

Unfortunately, the story has its sad side, for the engineer who had designed the gun and watched its progress through every process was killed by a chance shot of the Boers soon after "Long Cecil" was completed—the last man, I believe, to lose his life during the long siege the town underwent.

The Most Worshipful Grand Master of English Masons, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, has gained golden opinions at every function he has graced. He won all hearts by his unaffected bonhomie and naturalness when he laid the memorial-stone of the Bushey Schools. And Masons all the world over must be interested in to-day's Installation ceremony at the Albert Hall.

I hear from a friend on board the *Ophir* that the staff and suite of the Royal travellers now enjoy thoroughly the periods that the vessel is at sea, for all the talent for amusement possessed by various members of the entourage of the Duke and Duchess has been brought into requisition, and little entertainments are of almost nightly occurrence.

It is not often that a Government gets a notice to quit, but the rulers of the Punjab have been very politely told by the supreme Government of India that they must find summer quarters for themselves elsewhere than at Simla. The Punjab was until the commencement of this summer the frontier province of India, and, being so, was the tract of country in which serious disturbances and small wars were likely to occur. For this reason it was considered necessary that the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab should be always in communication with the Viceroy, and, therefore, when the two great officials went up into the hills for the hot weather they went to the same station.

Now, a new frontier province has been formed under the Governorship of Colonel Deane, and, as there is no reason why the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab should be at the Viceroy's elbow, he has been asked to select either Murree or Dalhousie as the summer place of residence of his Government. Of course, whichever of the two little hill-stations becomes the headquarters of the Provincial Government will rejoice greatly, but the dancers of Simla will sorrow, for one of the three great houses at which official entertainments were continually given will now pass into non-official hands. It may be remembered how Rudyard Kipling protested in musical verse when the clerks of the Punjab Government laid hands on Benmore, for many years the house in which the subscription dances of Simla were held, and converted it into a nest of offices. The wheel of time has brought its revenge, and the successors of those clerks are now given notice to quit; but once more the dancers will grieve, for the Union Jack will be hauled down at Barnes Court, and no man can tell what now will be the fate of one of the best ball-rooms in India.

It is not often that the Clubman and "The Man in the Street" are at cross-purposes, but in New York they have fallen out over the question of reserved chairs in the parks. Here, the man who sits on a bench in Hyde Park has no quarrel with the man who sits on a chair and pays twopence for the privilege, nor do the Parisians ever grumble because they have to take tickets for the little seats in the Champs-Élysées—in both open spaces there is room for the man in the silk-hat and the man in the cap. In New York, however, the question of the hire of chairs in the parks has stirred up a fine storm in a tea-cup. The municipal authorities, thinking that the system which is such a success in Paris and London would be equally appreciated in New York, put a number of neat little chairs in the parks and squares, and charged anyone who wished to use them five cents for doing so. The Clubmen of the great city thoroughly appreciated the innovation; but the "Men in the Street" considered that their right to sit down in their own parks without paying for the privilege was being assailed, and they protested, and marched in procession, and broke to pieces many of the offending seats. The municipality, astonished at the storm it had raised, put the newly painted chairs back again into store, and the protestants, overjoyed at their victory, held a mass-meeting in Madison Square.

Sherry's has always been the most important rival to Delmonico's as a fashionable restaurant in New York, and now we are to have a Sherry's in London, for Walsingham House and its neighbour, the Bath Hotel, are to be Americanised. I have always found the Walsingham very comfortable as it is, and have eaten some capital dinners there, cooked by the excellent chef, M. Dutru; but America thinks that London should see what a real American café and a real American foyer are like, and, therefore, the Walsingham is to become Sherry's.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Bisley Once More—Why Not Rifle Clubs?—Bonnie Scotland—England and the Elcho Shield—Newspapers and Rifle-Shooting—Won by Bowling—The Grand Old Veteran—A Splendid Score—"Bobbie" Abel.*

PHEUGH! It was a hot time down at Bisley last week before the thunderstorm had cooled the air, but that did not prevent the boys turning out and shooting their best. I think that those who go to Bisley deserve every credit for their patriotic enterprise, but, in spite of the accusations of pot-hunting that some of the mean-spirited among us bring against the shooters, it is not everyone who can afford the time or the money to go in for the great national competitions. Shooting at Bisley is a more serious matter than it was at Wimbledon, and a good many of us find that the distance from London is a drawback.

I should like to see Rifle Clubs established all over the country, as Lord Salisbury suggested should be done, and as has been done in some cases. This is more a matter of energy than of money, for supplying rifles and a range would not cost very much, whereas the organising of Rifle Clubs in country districts means a great expenditure of time and business faculty. Most men want a leader in this as in other matters, and, if someone would come forward in our villages and start Clubs, plenty of men would be found to come forward and learn how to shoot.

On Monday, the shooting for the Queen's—or, as it now is, the King's—Prize began, but last week there was plenty of good shooting at the ranges. There is no more useful competition than the Evelyn Wood, in which teams of the Regular Army have to march eleven miles and then go through attack-practice. The "A" Company of the 2nd Highland Light Infantry won this, and the "C" Company of the same battalion was well up as second. Well done, Bonnie Scotland!

In the Oxford and Cambridge match, both teams scored 790, but, as the Oxford men did best at the long range, they were given the prize. Eton won the Ashburton Shield, and St. Thomas's the United Hospitals Challenge Cup, and, as the temperature was 142 in the sun, it was a warm job. One of the most interesting of the competitions is the Elcho Challenge Shield, which is an international contest. Ireland won last year, but this time they were only third, as England led at each range, and wound up with the fine score of 1609. Scotland were second with 1595.

Saturday was given over to competitions for prizes presented by newspapers and private persons, among them that given by Captain John Barlow, of Bury, an old and enthusiastic Lancashire Volunteer who has for many years been one of the range officers of the Association. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Graphic* also gave prizes to be shot for; and the shooting was very good, no fewer than twenty-five highest possibles being scored in one competition, and twenty-four in another.

Cricket interest last week was almost entirely absorbed by the two matches of Gentlemen *versus* Players, for the County matches were not of very great importance. The best teams were those which met at Lord's in the first match, and, as usual, the game was won by superior bowling. Both C. B. Fry and Tyllesley made centuries, but Hirst and Lockwood in the first innings and Braund and Trott in the second were in great form. Curiously enough, Rhodes, who is perhaps the best bowler living, did not come off in either innings.

In the match at the Oval, the Gentlemen were distinctly weaker both in batting and bowling, and yet they managed to run up a respectable total. That grand old veteran, "W. G.," made the top score of 57 for his side, a marvellous performance when we consider that he played in this match for the first time in 1865, thirty-six years ago, when only L. G. Wright of his present colleagues was born. As long as "W. G." was in his prime, the Gentlemen almost invariably won the match.

Bowling won the match at the Oval for the Players by ten wickets, although Abel made no fewer than 247 in his only innings. This was a magnificent performance, for "Bobbie" has now been playing in first-class cricket for twenty years, and will be forty-two next November. His score is the highest ever made in the Gentlemen *versus* Players, as W. G. Grace's highest scores in this match were 215 in 1870 and 217 in 1871.

This is the fifth time Abel has made over a century this season, and is his highest score, though in past seasons he has made 250 in 1897 against Warwickshire, and in 1899 he made 357 against Somerset. His first century was scored in 1886 against Gloucestershire, so that "Bobbie" Abel has been a consistent scorer for many years past. "The Man in the Street" is always glad to see his favourites come off, and there is no greater favourite with the Surrey or any other crowd than the great little batsman of whom the Oval is so justly proud.

Well bowled, Buxton! Thanks mainly to his good bowling, Harrow won the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's last Saturday by ten wickets.

The Pennsylvanians had their consolation at Killarney on Saturday, when they easily beat the Dublin University crew.



GLIMPSES OF "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS THE SMILING CORA BELLAMY.



MISS MAIDIE HOPE AS THE FASCINATING LA BELLE BOLERO.



MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE AS MRS. MALTON HOPPINGS, MR. HERBERT CLAYTON AS CARAJOLO, AND MR. FRED WRIGHT, JUN., AS PETTIFER.



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE AS NANCY STAUNTON, AND MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN., AS SIR ARCHIBALD SLACKITT.

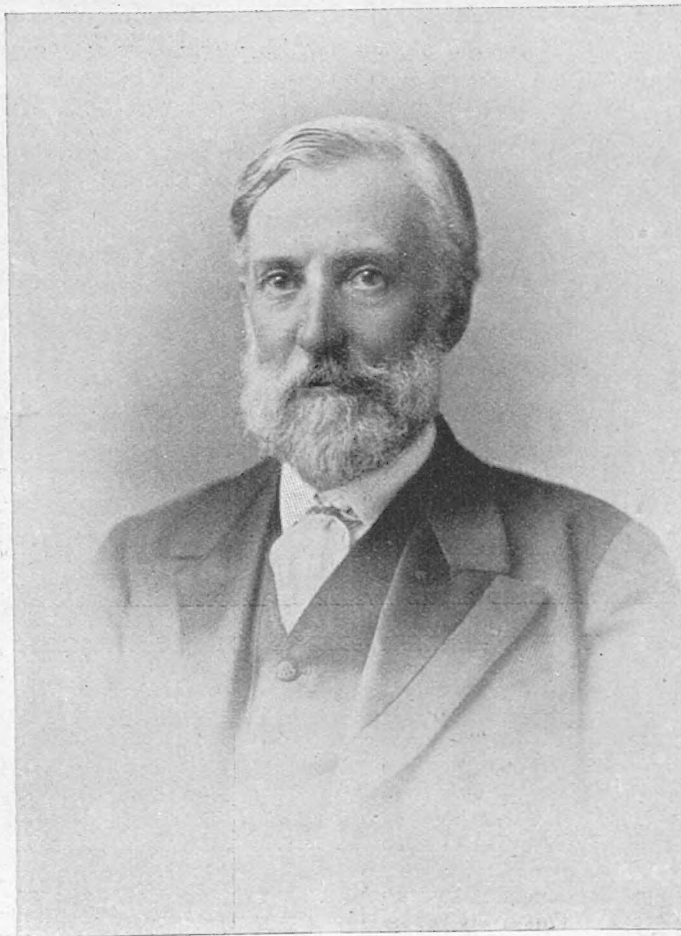


## THE GRAND MASTER.

**H**ISTORY repeats itself again. A little over twenty-six years ago—on Wednesday, April 28, 1875—His Majesty the King, then the Prince of Wales, was installed Grand Master of English Freemasons in the Albert Hall by the late Earl of Carnarvon, Pro-Grand Master; and on the present Wednesday afternoon our Sovereign's brother, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, will in the same noble hall be installed Grand Master by Pro-Grand Master Earl Amherst.

It is noteworthy that the Duke of Connaught, who is deservedly most popular among Masons and all classes and conditions of men for his natural urbanity and kindness, was present at the former ceremony as "youngest Master Mason," His Royal Highness having been admitted to that rank the previous evening at the Prince of Wales's Lodge, No. 259, held in Willis's Rooms. As Provincial Grand Master of Sussex, the Duke has served the craft as devotedly as many other members of the Royal Family have done. The King himself, during whose Grand Mastership Lodges multiplied enormously, and no less than a Million and Three-Quarters sterling was subscribed for the three great beneficent Masonic charities, succeeds our late beloved Queen as Chief Patron.

In Earl Amherst, who figures most prominently at the Installation to-day, H.R.H. has a Pro-Grand Master whose portrait it is an especial pleasure for *The Sketch* to give with that of the Duke, because the noble Earl is the embodiment of the genial spirit of Freemasonry, and strenuously endeavours to uphold the dignity and honour and usefulness of the craft.



EARL AMHERST,

MOST WORSHIPFUL PRO-GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS, WHO IS TO-DAY TO INSTALL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AS M.W. GRAND MASTER.

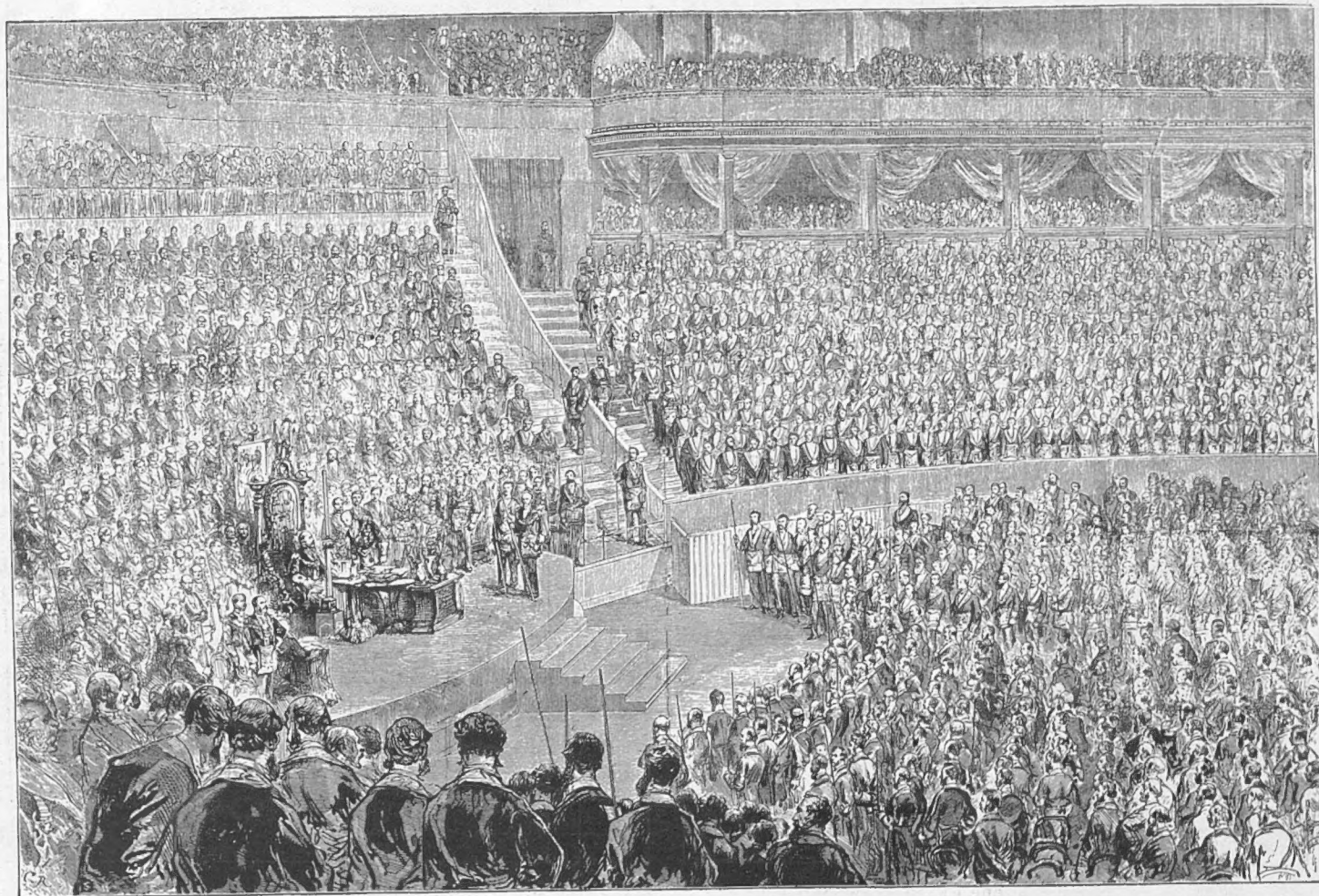
Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

The veteran Sir Albert W. Woods, Garter-King-at-Arms of the Heralds' College, as Masonic Grand Director of Ceremonies, naturally had much to do with the order of the proceedings at the Prince of Wales's Installation—pictured below—and his ripe and unique experience has been also available for to-day's ceremony, the well-qualified Acting Grand Director of Ceremonies for which will be Mr. Frank Richardson. Every Mason who has had the good-fortune to witness the admirably impressive manner in which the bland and benignant Grand Secretary, Mr. Edward Letchworth, has consecrated a new Lodge, assisted zealously by Mr. Richardson, will realise how well the latter will discharge his duties to-day.

A magnificent spectacle will the Albert Hall appear when filled with some eight thousand five hundred Masons, wearing their brilliant purple, crimson, and light-blue collars and aprons and gleaming jewels. Brethren will be admitted between three and four o'clock this afternoon in full Masonic craft clothing, with black frock-coats, black ties, and white gloves. The Procession of Past Grand Officers at half-past four and of Present Grand Officers at a quarter to five will be followed by the entrance of the M.W. Grand Master's Procession at five o'clock, heralded by silver trumpets. It will devolve upon Earl Amherst, after the customary prayer, to conduct the Duke to the Throne and to invest His Royal Highness with the insignia of his office. The

customary Proclamation and Salutes will be succeeded by an address from Earl Amherst and the Grand Master's reply, and the conferring by His Royal Highness of honours upon particularly deserving Masons.

## A SEASONABLE MASONIC SOUVENIR.



INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL ON APRIL 28, 1875.

Reduced Engraving from "The Illustrated London News."



## THE SAVAGE CLUB AND THE SPECIAL WAR-CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Savage Club honoured itself at its closing symposium of the Season by honouring several of the Special War-Correspondents home from the Transvaal with a dinner and musical entertainment. Mr. E. E. Peacock, F.I.J., made a capital Chairman, and was aptly thanked for his just eulogium of their services by Mr. Melton Prior, the famous War-Artist of *The Illustrated London News* and principal illustrator of the Defence of Ladysmith; Mr. George Lynch, of the *I.L.N.* and *Daily Mail*; Captain Battersby and other able War-representatives of the *Morning Post*; Mr. Ernest Smith (of the *Morning Leader*), and Mr. Hodgetts (of the *Daily Express*). Mr. Henry H. S. Pearse, who so worthily represented the *Daily News* in South Africa, could not, unfortunately, be present to hear how highly Mr. Peacock spoke of him and of his valuable War Correspondence. The menu of this interesting feast, with its admirable drawing by Mr. W. H. Pike, will be preserved as a souvenir of a memorable Savage Club Saturday night.

## A CHARMING AMERICAN INVADER.

MIDDLE. CORINNE, whose portrait is herein published for the first time in England, is the latest charming American invader who proposes to assault our hearts and to take our native cities by storm. Although still a very young lady, Middle. Corinne has had a most extensive histrionic experience. As a matter of fact, she



MIDDLE. CORINNE,  
AN AMERICAN ACTRESS TO APPEAR IN LONDON IN  
"AFTER THE HONEYMOON."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

adopted the theatrical profession as soon as she could walk, playing all sorts of child-parts, comic and pathetic, and oftentimes throwing in a plentiful supply of songs and dances in the process. This lively young lady had barely entered her teens when she was made a "star"—or "took on stellar honours," as the American language has it. These "stellar" tours were, until about a couple of years ago, under the direction of Mrs. Jennie Kimball, who, until she died, was always understood to be the mother of "Little Corinne," as that juvenile "star" was long called. It turned out, however, that the clever young actress was only Mrs. Kimball's adopted daughter. Middle. Corinne had, however, already acquired considerable acting fame,

especially in one of her earliest grown-up parts, namely, Miss Nellie Farren's fine character of the hero, Edmond Dantès, in a version of "Richard-Henry's" highly successful Gaiety burlesque, "Monte Cristo Junior," which Miss Farren and the late Fred Leslie played all over the world. Middle. Corinne will make her début in England in the course of a few weeks, under the joint management of Mr. John R. "Yours Merrily" Rogers (who ran "My Sweetheart" for so many years) and Mr. H. Cecil Beryl, whose tour of "The Lady Slavey" is now in something like its ninth year!

## THE LYCEUM CLOSSES

next Saturday night with a final performance of "Coriolanus," with Sir Henry Irving in the title-part and Miss Ellen Terry as Volumnia; and our foremost Actor-Manager will probably have a few farewell words to say in his own inimitably graceful way. Prodigious was the work Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry (not forgetting Mr. Harry Loveday, the indefatigable Stage-Manager) set themselves in this last week. To appear with his charming and gifted companion in "Charles the First," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Coriolanus" within six days would be a remarkable achievement, but when, in addition, Sir Henry Irving braced himself to perform his celebrated double rôle in "The Lyons Mail" and on another night to sustain the most arduous parts in "Waterloo" and in "The Bells," one can only wonder at his amazing energy and industry, and offer him a fresh meed of sincerest admiration.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Royal Anxieties.*

Much sympathy was felt and expressed last week when it became known that disquieting news had arrived from Cronberg, for the Empress Frederick is less well than she was, and is no longer able to take her daily drives. The state of his much-loved eldest sister must at the present moment deeply affect our beloved Sovereign, and, as every plan made by him and by Her Majesty is liable to instant alteration—for should the Empress Frederick become worse their Majesties will at once start for Germany—it renders difficult all discussion concerning future Royal engagements.

*Their Majesties and the Cowes Regatta.*

Great gratification is felt among all classes in the Isle of Wight at the news that the new Royal Yacht is to be commissioned on the 24th inst. by that most popular of Commanders, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton. It is thought that, all being well, the King and Queen will live on the yacht during the Regatta Week. Few people seem aware that on the 24th of this month the very severe Court-mourning will become greatly modified.

*The Date of the Coronation.*

People are still speculating busily on what day of the week the Coronation will take place. It is pointed out that, as June 28 of next year happens to be a Saturday, it is very unlikely to be chosen, the more so that there seems a possibility that on the day following the great function a Royal Procession, closely resembling that which took place on Diamond Jubilee Day, will wind its gorgeous way about both the great and the mean streets of London Town. Many incline to the idea that Wednesday, June 25, will be chosen for Coronation Day, and I have authority for stating that this has been fixed on as a provisional date.

As to the route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, it is suggested that that followed by the maiden Monarch sixty-three years previously would from every point of view be the most suitable. On the other hand, a great effort will be made by the many actively interested in the matter to have the route changed, so that it shall include some portion of Piccadilly and Pall Mall. Many Peeresses have already ordered their robes, and goldsmiths and silversmiths will have reason to rejoice, for it is quite strange how few Peers have preserved in their strong-boxes or plate-chests the coronet which must be worn by them on such an occasion. It may also be whispered that a considerable number of members of the Upper House owe their Peerages to comparative recent creations, and these gentlemen have naturally never had occasion to invest in an orthodox coronet.

*To Gild the Lily and Adorn the Rose.*

There still seems some uncertainty as to whether the Peeresses will be allowed to wear jewelled crowns or tiaras outside the plain golden or silver circlet. As to the actual Royal Crown, it will, of course, have to be somewhat enlarged before it will fit the head of King Edward. His Majesty's train, which will be many feet long, will be borne by six sons of Dukes, and those to whom will fall the delicate task of selection will find it anything but easy to settle conflicting claims, and the same difficulty will face them when the train-bearers of Queen Alexandra and of the Royal Princesses come under discussion.

*The Coronation and the Navy.*

I understand that on the occasion of the King's Coronation there will be a great Naval Review at Spithead, to which the warships of other countries will be bidden. No actual date has at present been fixed, but it seems probable that this splendid display will be given during the second week in July. The German Emperor is not expected to attend the Coronation itself, but will, it is thought, depute his son, the Crown Prince, to represent him. At the Review, however, the Kaiser would make a point

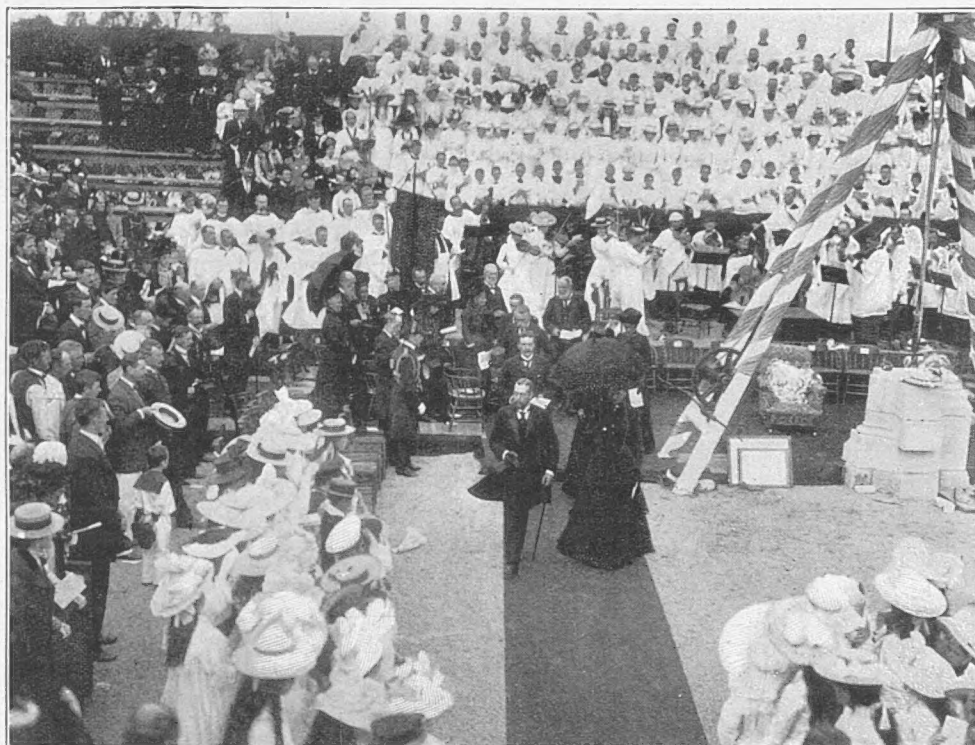
of being present, not only as the nephew of our Sovereign, but also as an Admiral in the British Navy. It is also said that, in view of the Kaiser's visit, the Review might be postponed till the end of July and immediately precede Cowes Regatta.

*Marlborough House.*

It is understood that, when the alterations and improvements are finished at Buckingham Palace, the King and Queen will move there and give over Marlborough House to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. But Marlborough House, in its turn, will require considerable re-decoration, and not a few repairs, and it is therefore very unlikely that the Duke and Duchess will take up their residence there before their Royal Highnesses become Prince and Princess of Wales—that is to say, next year, before the Coronation festivities. It has also been suggested that Marlborough House should be sold and the proceeds devoted to providing another residence for the Duke and Duchess.

*Farewell, Tasmania.*

The Royal party seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the concluding days of their stay in Tasmania—indeed, the Duke of Cornwall and York, who is one of the most-travelled Princes in the world, declared that he had never seen such splendid scenery, and the Duchess greatly delighted the older inhabitants of the Colony by observing how much more home-like she had found this portion of the Antipodes than any other.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK LEAVING THE SITE OF THE NEW ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL AT BRISBANE AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

Photo by W. T. Farrell, Brisbane.

The "Golden City" is still busily discussing the many noteworthy events which were features of the Royal visit. It may be whispered that this Colony has never been particularly celebrated for its piety or attention to Church matters; but, now that its capital is to enjoy the possession of as fine a Cathedral as that which graces Christchurch, Brisbane may become as celebrated for its goodness as it is for its gold. And the day when the Heir-Apparent laid the first stone of the new Cathedral will be long remembered.

Adelaide, which prides itself on being the most artistic city of the Australian Commonwealth, welcomed its Royal visitors with great enthusiasm, the illuminations being particularly charming. Their Royal Highnesses were entertained in princely fashion at Government House by Lord and Lady Tennyson, the former of whom has known the Duchess of Cornwall and York from childhood, for his father, the famous poet, was an intimate and valued friend of the late Duchess of Teck, and, as a child, Her Royal Highness could recite quite a number of his verses by heart. Lady Tennyson—who was, before her marriage, a Miss Boyle, a member of a well-known Irish family—accompanied the Duchess both to the Adelaide and to the Children's Hospitals, greatly to the joy, it need hardly be said, of their inmates, the more so that the Duchess—in this imitating the example of her admirable mother—always makes a point when going over a hospital of speaking to many of the patients and showing a real interest in their cases.

By a curious coincidence, the Duke of Cornwall and York, who, as a youth, had suffered from a violent attack of toothache while visiting Adelaide, had a recurrence of that disagreeable ailment, and for the first time during the Imperial tour he was obliged to absent himself from a great ceremony, namely, a football match between the students of Prince Alfred and St. Peter's Colleges. His Royal Highness was represented by the Duchess, who distributed commemorative medals and showed that, as a sister of three brothers, she was well acquainted with the game.

"C.-B." and Party. Liberals of the various sections vied with each other at the Party meeting at the Reform Club in praise of their Leader. Sir William Harcourt sympathised with "C.-B.," and Mr. Asquith assured him of his own loyalty. Never did a Leader



receive more sincere evidences of personal esteem. Intrigues were hotly repudiated, almost with tears in the eyes. "C.-B." was thereby comforted, but the Imperialist Leaders insisted on their right to disagree with the other section on the subject of the War. Thus the political position remains just as it was.

*Lord Rosebery.* After a visit to the Continent, Lord Rosebery has reappeared in the House which he adorns and enlivens. There is no evidence that he has interfered in the domestic disagreement of his friends in "another place," but he poked fun at them at a public dinner. Seeing a Liberal member there, Lord Rosebery ironically expressed the hope that he would not suffer in reputation for being present, and that there would not be a "dinner of reprisal." Reprisal by dinner is more ridiculous even than a French duel.

*A Voice from the Past.* There is a line of veterans behind the Government in the House of Lords. From this line Viscount Llandaff rose during the debate on the new Accession Oath. He has aged very much since the days when the administration of Home Secretary Matthews excited so much controversy, and while he stood he leant on a stick. As he proceeded, however, to express the regrets of Roman Catholics, the retired statesman spoke with the animation of past days, and he shook his finger at the Lord Chancellor just as he used to shake it at Mr. Gladstone.

*An Historic Garden-Party.* For the first time in its history, Apsley House was on the 10th the scene of a garden-party, and the Duchess of Wellington has now definitely taken her place among the great London hostesses. The Duke assisted his wife in doing the honours of the fine old mansion, which was exquisitely decorated with masses of lovely flowers sent up from the gardens of Strathfieldsaye. The guests wandered through the stately rooms, so little known to modern London, with the keenest interest, and then made their way to the quaint garden, which, studded with fine old trees, might be a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner. The Duchess, who is always the most picturesque figure in every assembly where she finds herself, wore a white satin gown and some wonderful lace, and it was noticeable that the graceful fichu, or crossover, is replacing the huge Pierrot ruffles. A particularly pretty costume was that worn by Lady Hood, whose quaint poke-bonnet matched in texture and colour the black silk fichu which formed a becoming contrast to her all-white gown.

*A Clerical Wedding.* Portraits are given of the Rev. Edward Russell Walker, son of the late Archdeacon of Chichester, and Miss Ethel Wilberforce, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, who were married in Chichester Cathedral on the 9th inst. The Cathedral was crowded, the Bishop and the bride being most popular in the district. The bride looked very well in her dress of ivory crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with old lace, and a veil to match; her nine bridesmaids wearing picturesque dresses of white embroidered gauze trimmed with lace and chiffon, and large picture-hats of pale-pink crinoline trimmed with écaru lace and pink roses. The Bishop of Chichester, the Bishop of Stepney, and the Archdeacon of Chichester between them tied the nuptial knot, while the bridegroom was supported by his old friend, the Rev. G. B. Raikes, as best man. A brilliant reception was subsequently held by Mrs. Wilberforce at The Palace,

Chichester, and, later, the happy pair left for their honeymoon tour, the bride travelling in a smart costume of pale-blue voile with a straw-hat trimmed to match.

#### *A Happy Queen-Bride.*

According to those who have the privilege of her acquaintance, the Queen of Holland's honeymoon has not yet waned, and the bride-Sovereign is looking just now particularly well and happy. Times have indeed changed since Queen Victoria and Prince Albert became man and wife. In



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

those days a reigning Sovereign rarely left his or her country, and there are many still living who can remember the sensation which was caused when it became known that Queen Victoria and her young husband intended to pay a flying visit to the Continent. Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince Consort of the Netherlands have been making quite a foreign tour; true, they have not left German soil, but they have made a sojourn in several Kingdoms and Grand Duchies, everywhere acclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm. It is probable that they will pay a visit to this country after the Coronation, especially as the little Queen is said to regret her very anti-British attitude apropos of the Boer War.

*Lady Swimmers.* Although the stronger sex was conspicuous by its absence, the Swimming Competition at the Bath Club was quite one of the major social happenings last week (10th). Lady Constance Mackenzie, looking delightfully cool and collected in her becoming costume, carried off for the third year running the Challenge Shield of the Club, though her pretty cousin, Miss Chaplin, ran her close. Among those present to see her triumph were the Duchess of Portland, gowned, as she has lately elected to be, in an all-black diaphanous frock; Mrs. Willie Grenfell, quite an expert swimmer herself; Lady Granby, Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Londonderry, and Lady Gosford, who may be said to represent the Court at such functions.

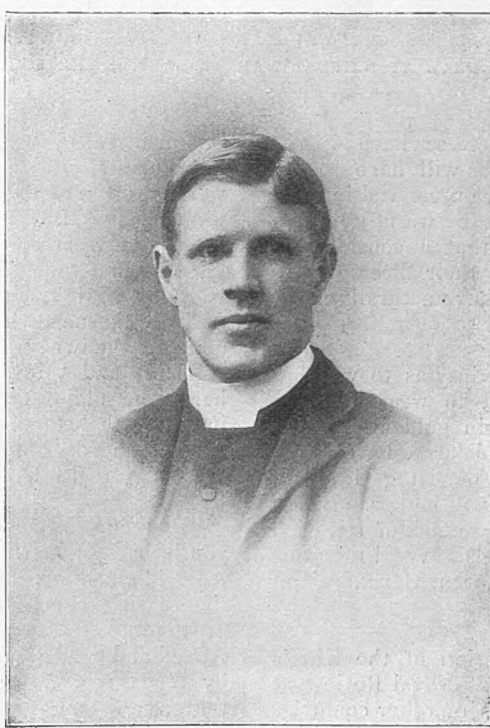
*Balls Park.* The good folk of Hertfordshire are exceedingly glad that Sir George Faudel-Phillips has bought Balls Park, where he has resided for so many years, leasing the place from the Marquis of Townshend. Balls Park takes its name from John de Ball, who represented Hertford in the reign of Edward I. From the Ball family it passed to the Henmarshes, who sold the estate to the Harrisons. The third Viscount Townshend married Audrey, the heiress of Edward Harrison. She was the mother, with other children, of Charles Townshend, the famous statesman and wit, who was born at Balls Park. The present Marquis has always preferred to live at Raynham, in Norfolk, and it was well known that he intended to sell Balls Park when Sir George Faudel-Phillips's lease expired. There is some fair shooting on the property, and the house, without being pretentious, is comfortable and home-like. Sir George's hospitality is known to many, many friends, who rejoice that he is not going to move from the neighbourhood in which he is so popular.



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.]

MISS ETHEL WILBERFORCE (DAUGHTER OF THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER),

WHO WERE MARRIED ON TUESDAY, JULY 9, AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.



[Photo by Russell, Southsea

THE REV. E. RUSSELL WALKER (SON OF THE LATE ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER),



*The Much-Married Peer.*

Earl Russell, about whose trial by the Peers on a charge of bigamy All the World (and his wife) are now talking, possesses, in spite of the fact that he has been nicknamed "the much-married Peer," a very sympathetic personality, and among those with whom he has done public work he has always been much esteemed. Although a member of the Reform Club, his Lordship is characteristically more proud of his membership of the National Liberal, in whose catering department he for some time took an active interest. His love of business is inherited from both sides of the House. His famous grandfather, the first Earl, better known to a former generation as "Lord John," was happily married to a distinguished woman who passed away only quite recently in extreme old age. The second Earl—Earl Russell's own father, Viscount Amberley, died very prematurely—early made up his mind that he would earn his own living, the more so that he is, from a financial point of view, one of the least wealthy of British Earls. Accordingly, he became an electrical engineer, and it was while paying a business call on her mother that he met Miss Mabel Scott, who became his wife, and has latterly appeared at "the Halls."



MRS. MOLLY SOMERVILLE,  
THE LADY EARL RUSSELL ESPOUSED IN  
AMERICA.  
A Rough Sketch in Court.

as Mrs. Somerville. She was an energetic member of the Pioneer Club, and took the keenest interest in all social and municipal questions. I believe I am correct in saying that she proved of the greatest assistance to Earl Russell when he was fighting for his County Council seat, and their active interest in municipal matters evidently formed a strong bond of union between them.

*Amberley Cottage.* Amberley Cottage, which has been more than once mentioned in connection with the case, is one of the most delightful of Thames-side residences, and it is there that Earl Russell spends much of his leisure, surrounded by many interesting family memorials and relics. His only brother, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, who married some years ago a very charming American, Miss Alys Pearsall Smith, is curiously unlike his elder brother both in appearance and in intellect. Earl Russell is a man of action;



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL (MABEL EDITH SCOTT).  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

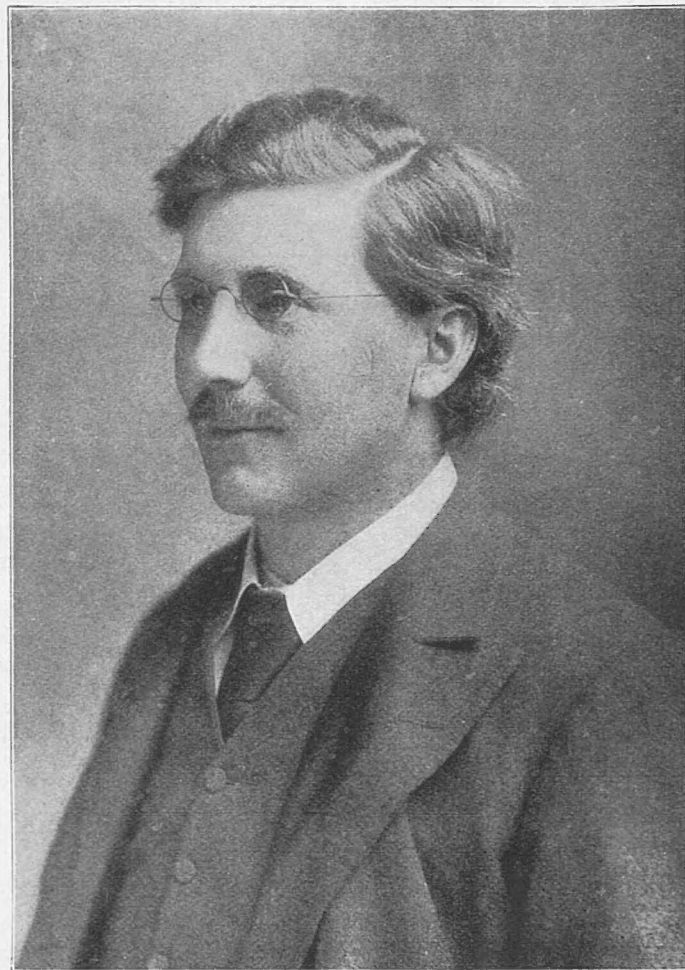
his brother is a scholar and a distinguished Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Lord Russell takes strongly after his mother's family. In other words, he is a true Stanley. Mr. Bertrand Russell bears a striking resemblance to his paternal grandfather and is a chip of the Russell block.

*Earl Russell as a Lawyer.*

His Lordship, who has been involved in many legal cases, is, according to his friends, and even according to his solicitors, a very good lawyer. He takes advantage of every point in his favour, and probably knows as much about our complicated marriage-laws as does any man living. When in Court, he never loses his temper, however great the provocation, and the counsel whose duty it is to cross-examine him generally has the worst of the argument.

*Why not Westminster Hall?*

The last great trial by Peers, namely, that of the Duchess of Kingston, took place in Westminster Hall, and was a most imposing affair. But, although the Royal Gallery is quite forty times smaller than the Great Hall, the scene there will also be full of stately grandeur. Each Peer present is



EARL RUSSELL, TO BE TRIED BY THE PEERS FOR ALLEGED BIGAMY.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

to be in his robes, Earl Russell alone being minus these imposing appendages of his rank. Only Peers will be admitted within the Bar, but those members of the general public who are first at the doors of the Palace of Westminster on Thursday will have a chance of seeing what should prove one of the most interesting trials of the century.

*Peer-Lawyers.*

An extraordinary interest is being taken in the Russell case by the great Peer-lawyers, who, headed by the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Chancellor, include that group of men who made their reputation and their fortune by fighting just such cases as the present one in the regular Law Courts. Lord Alverstone, Lord Davey, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Brampton, to quote but a few of the Select Committee on whom have fallen all practical details connected with the trial, may be reckoned as experts, although not one of them has ever had the pleasure—and to a keen lawyer it cannot but be a pleasure—to see the trial of a Peer by his Peers. Of course, a great deal of actual power will be vested in the Lord High Steward, Lord Halsbury. Sir Francis Jeune, whose wife is by marriage an aunt of Earl Russell, will be present to watch the proceedings on behalf of the Probate and Divorce Court.

*A Dainty Bear.*

Captain Hjalmar Johansen is telling the readers of the *Sunday Times* how he went hunting Polar bears with Nansen. One great old fellow, it seems, "escaped the trap and was shot from the ship. His belly was found to contain nothing but a good portion of *The Illustrated London News*, which he found at the side of the ship." What a shame to shoot him! No doubt, he was a Constant Reader, and, anyhow, he must have had a dainty palate.



### A Brilliant Public Servant.



LT.-COL. SIR HOWARD VINCENT, M.P.  
Photo by Lyddell Sawyer.

as cosmopolitan in his interests and sympathies as is his brother, Sir Edgar; and his clever, good-looking wife can claim to be one of the most travelled of modern Englishwomen, her travel-books, notably that entitled "Newfoundland to Cochin-China," being peculiarly fascinating records of little-known countries. To most people, the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Howard Vincent evokes a dread picture of the Criminal Investigation Department. Although he resigned the position of Director of Criminal Investigations some seventeen years ago, after having brought that public department up to a very high state of efficiency, he has remained in close touch with the heads of the Metropolitan Police, and what he does not know about the higher criminal world is not worth knowing. Only three years ago, he was chosen to be the British delegate at the important Anti-Anarchist Conference held at Rome in 1898. Sir Howard Vincent is a great sportsman; he was one of the first to recognise the practical utility of the bicycle. The last year of the century was spent by him in even sterner work than that which has generally fallen to his lot, for he went out to South Africa in the autumn which saw the outbreak of the War, and would have served had health permitted. As M.P. and as Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Queen's Westminsters, he is a devoted public servant. He has just been honoured anew by being made an Aide-de-Camp to the King—a richly merited recognition of his valuable services to the Volunteer cause.

### Admiral Wilson, V.C., and the Channel Squadron.

Important as is the maintenance at all cost of military efficiency, the Navy is, of course, England's first line of defence. It is on the strength of the Fleet that we depend for the safeguarding of our hearths and homes and the preservation of our shores from the foot of the foreign invader. While this latter duty devolves upon the Navy as a whole, it does so in particular upon that portion of it forming the Channel Squadron. It is good news, therefore, to learn that "My Lords" of the Admiralty are at the present moment paying special attention to the ships and personnel serving in this capacity. It has just been announced, for example, that the Squadron is to have a new flagship, to which that distinguished sailor, Vice-Admiral Arthur K. Wilson, V.C., Commander of the Channel Fleet, is to be appointed.

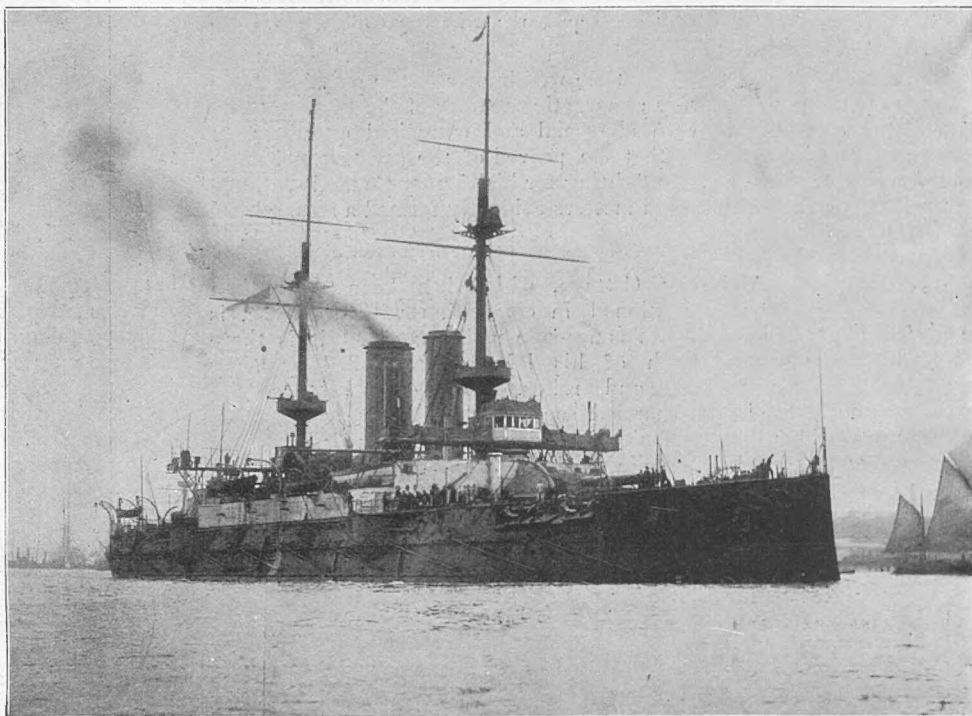
The vessel in question is H.M.S. *Formidable*, a first-class battleship, carrying sixteen guns. She is one of the most powerful vessels in the British Navy, and can safely be trusted to give an excellent account of herself should she ever be called upon to try conclusions with anything that floats under a foreign flag. Admiral Wilson's service record dates from 1854, when, as a midshipman on the old *Algiers*, he took part in the operations in the Black Sea during the Crimean War. Since then he has fought in China and the Soudan. It was in this latter campaign that he gained the "V.C." for an act which Sir Redvers Buller described at the time as "one of the most courageous he had ever witnessed." A gap had occurred in the British square at El Teb, and the enemy threatened to pierce the ranks. Thereupon Admiral Wilson—then a Captain—dashed forward alone and kept the

enemy at bay until reinforcements could be obtained. His sword being shivered on a native's shield, he used his fists in true British fashion, and so astonished the Mahdi's followers that they fled precipitately before him. The troops then closed up, and the square was saved.

**Kruger's Treasure.** A great many improbable stories are being told with regard to treasure left by ex-President Kruger when he fled from Africa. I am assured by a gentleman who has special knowledge on the subject that the treasure in question—bars of gold—was never taken to Delagoa Bay, but is buried in the neighbourhood of Pretoria, and that is mainly the reason why "Oom Paul" clings to the chance of restoring the independence of the Transvaal. It is a pity that no one knows the exact spot, but, at the same time, what a thrilling romance could be written on the subject! "Oom Paul" as a concealer of millions would completely knock out the reputation of Captain Kidd as a burier of treasure. The Kruger Gold Recovery Company, too, might be floated, with a concession from the Government; but I am afraid that most of the Krugerian wealth is comfortably banked in Amsterdam.

### The "Divine Sarah" and the Lady Journalists.

One of the successful functions of the Season was the "At Home" of the Society of Women Journalists given at Essex Hall. The chief guest was Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, looking delightful in a trailing gown of pink chiffon half revealed by a long mastic-coloured coat, her sunny locks crowned by a picturesque *bergère* hat, had an enthusiastic greeting. Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter")



THE SPLENDID NEW BATTLESHIP, H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE," TO BE THE FLAGSHIP OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

was in charge of the proceedings, and, after making a neat little speech in English, welcoming the "divine" Sarah as artist, as woman, and as worker, boldly, yet nervously, tackled her in her own tongue, and made a pretty little speech in French whilst presenting her with a souvenir of the occasion. There was a great crowd of journalists of the charming sex, including most of the notable women writers, and a large proportion of them, by their charm of person and elegance of costume, quite falsified the public idea that the lady journalist is a mannish, slovenly creature. Madame Bernhardt seemed delighted by her reception, and most interested in the thriving, industrious Society.

### Russian Royalty in Staffordshire.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are already making themselves very popular in the neighbourhood of Keele Hall, the lovely old place, celebrated for the stately beauty of its gardens, which His Imperial Highness is renting from the owner, Mr. Sneyd. Even in the far-famed Peterhof, the Windsor of Russia, there are few rooms more imposing than the state rooms of Keele Hall, filled with art-treasures and some priceless pictures, all of which will appeal strongly to its present occupants, for both the Grand Duke and his charming young wife are real connoisseurs, and rarely pay a visit to England without adding to their collections. King Edward paid an informal visit to Keele Hall at the end of last week. His Majesty is truly attached to the Grand Duke Michael.



KEELE HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, WHERE THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ENTERTAINED HIS MAJESTY.



*M. Waldeck-Rousseau as a Sportsman.*

The President of the French Cabinet (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) is fond of sport in a mild way. He likes yachting, particularly if there are sympathetic companions aboard: it was on Gaston Menier's yacht that he passed his convalescence last spring. He cruised in the Mediterranean for several weeks. But it is said to be the good, old-fashioned sport of fishing that he likes best. He is a fisherman *enragé*. Ever since the fishing season opened, every Sunday morning he has started off at sunrise for the fishing-grounds of a friend at Juvisy, and there, in a linen coat and a penny straw-hat, with his trousers *bien retroussé*, he spends the day tramping up and down the banks of the pond, as happy as any schoolboy. M. Waldeck-Rousseau always fills his bag, they say, and comes home happy.

Some French ladies, three years ago, imported several houseboats from England, and moored them in the Seine, where for a few weeks they had a success of curiosity. As far as I know, nothing has been heard of them since. On the other hand, there is a certain Frenchman who can, perhaps, give to English people a tip on the use of houseboats. He is a well-known sporting-man, who, married at Versailles a few weeks ago, is at this moment making his wedding journey in a houseboat. The boat of the bridal pair is being towed, by the Loire and the Saône and the intervening canals, to the Rhine, which they will mount. They have on board a motor-car and two bicycles, so that they can go ashore when disposed and join the boat further on. A wedding journey without railroads or hotels! Between two skies all day, and canopied by the stars at night!

M. Gaston Menier, the French "Chocolate King," is very much to the front just now, and it is a quite new sign of the times in France, where manufacturers have rarely played a social rôle. Having built a model working-man's village, he entered the Chamber of Deputies, and became an intimate friend of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. *On dit*, he is now about to back up what will be for Paris a gigantic newspaper enterprise—a paper on the lines of the American dailies.

French Society is fast becoming international. Ninety-two titled Frenchmen of the present generation are, according to a recently published list, married to foreigners. The list is incomplete. It is an enormous percentage for a restrained social circle. Are the fortunes of aristocratic French girls to-day not large enough to tempt the young men—for every Frenchman marries a *dot*—or are French Society girls scarce? Or—third hypothesis—are the girls of other countries more attractive? Here are some of the facts; each one may conclude for himself.

These young men do not go to Latin countries for their wives. Italy furnishes but six, and Spain but four. On the other hand, there are eight from Spanish-America. The Duchess of Morny and the Marquise de Noë are the daughters of Guzman Blanco. There are four from Roumania, among whom figure the Princely families of Babesco and Brancovan. The Poles and Russians count for thirteen, among them the Princess de Murat. There are eight Austro-Hungarians, largely Hebrew, and four Germans, among whom two Rothschilds. Belgium furnishes

eleven, among them one of the most celebrated French beauties, the Countess Greffulhe. The English figure for but eight, among whom the Countess Charles de FitzJames and the Marquise de Jaucourt. The larger proportion of these ladies are from the United States.

*Americans with French Titles.*

There are no less than twenty women from the United States in French titled Society to-day. It is a great many; it is almost enough to enable them to run this Society to their minds, for these ladies are by no means insignificantly placed. Among them are the Princess de Polignac, the Duchess de La Rochefoucauld, the Marquise de Ganay, Countess de Castellane, the Duchess de Bassano, and the rest of the list includes the oldest names in France.

The young Counts de Castellane furnish the most striking recent illustration of Frenchmen who have come to the front by marriage.

Their successes form a lively page. If gossip is true, they were, not very long ago, in sore financial straits. Count Boni left a small salaried office, they say, to marry Anna Gould, who brought into the family the colossal yearly income of three million francs. His younger brother, Stanislas, was married the other day to the Italo-Spanico-Americano, Miss Terry, who is said to be rolling in gold. Finally, Count Jean de Castellane, by the fact of his marriage with the daughter of the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord, has been able to buy this week perhaps the most splendid of the few great private domains left in France, Valençay. He has paid for it nearly two millions and a-half.

There is in French philosophy the consoling proposition that for every year that a man is older he is the younger by the loss of one illusion. The first present of the New Century in regard to rejuvenescence (remarks my Paris Correspondent) is the conviction that, with the result of the Grand Prix, Tout Paris does not fly from the city. I have never seen Lutetia more beautifully decorated with her most famous beauties and brave men than this year. At five o'clock, the Avenue du Bois and the Avenue des Acacias are a moving blaze of blended colours, and every sunshade hides a face prettier than the

last. It is a paradise of flowers, of falling water, of calm, cool lakes, of smiles, of nods and bows. And there is so much that is *à l'improviste* in this Vanity Fair. Discarding the injunction of the search-light on the Eiffel Tower, that seems to hint it is time to get back to town, a quest is made by the fashionable world for some garden auberge on the banks of the Seine, and the astounded *garçon* in his shirt-sleeves and blue apron suddenly finds his tables occupied by the *élite* of Paris instead of his habitual clients the workmen.

*The Beauties of Paris.*

This modern form of holiday-making is due to the cycle and the automobile, and the abominable rapacity of the hotel-keepers and villa-owners on the coast-line is curbed. The craze this year is for the spice of life—Variety. With a well-mapped-out course before them, the wealthy leave Paris, sending on each morning by train the valet and the maid to await them at the evening's destination. The day is passed in lounging and lazing amid beautiful scenery, and the night in some old



MISS CLARA BUTT (MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD), WHO HAS JUST PRESENTED HER HUSBAND WITH A BABY GIRL.

Photo by R. W. Thomas Cheapside.



hostelry where the existence of the imperative dinner-gong has never been suspected. No fashionable *plage*, with all its social obligations, which are simply a repetition of the day in Paris, but honest, Bohemian freedom. This is a rest and a holiday, particularly as, when the country



THE BALLET SCHOOL REHEARSING AT THE ROYAL OPERA, DRESDEN, WITH BALLETMEISTER BERGER AND THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

Photo by K. Schlesinger.

becomes monotonous, it is only necessary to turn the head of the automobile in order to be back in Paris for the "six o'clock" at Armenonville and a dinner in the Champs-Élysées.

*The National Fête.* My Paris Correspondent owns to being surprised at the decision to continue the celebration of the Fall of the Bastille, which, having taken place on July 13, is commemorated on the 14th, for some reason or another. There was practically no decoration, and, beyond the fact that all the owners of roundabouts and shooting-galleries that had for weeks been gradually converging on Paris took up their quarters within its walls in the poorer quarters, there was nothing to suggest any jubilation. The theatres where free performances were given presented from nightfall till two o'clock in the afternoon the sad spectacle of worn-out, weary vagabonds sleeping on the steps, with a view to selling their places in the queue to the late arrivals.

*A Query?* It seems that a good deal of interest is being excited in England by the fact that the submarine, the *Gustave Zédé*, "whose presence was unsuspected" at the French Naval Manœuvres, struck a deadly blow with a torpedo. A cyclist who had been astounding the Parisians by his prowess was recently disqualified because it was found that his machine was fastened to that of his pace-makers with a thread of horsehair. Probably the more astute can understand—and I am not speaking loosely—the heading of this paragraph.

*Echo of Berlin-Paris.* The action of the police at Champigny, at the start for the great Paris-Berlin race, in guarding the motors against criminal attacks seems to have been well-considered. Those returning from Berlin tell painful stories of treachery—sand dropped into the oil-valves, screws loosened, and chains cut. It is a pity that so aristocratic a sport should, at the very moment of its apotheosis, be tainted with the suspicion of foul play.

*A French Irving.* The début of Henry Mayer in "L'Âme des Femmes," by Dumas, was a thunderbolt in the dovecots of the Comédie-Française. He had certainly done creditable work at the Théâtre-Libre, the Vaudeville, and the Gymnase, but no one suspected that he was a positive genius. The critics who had turned up *contre gré* on a broiling night lounged in the foyer chatting and arguing,



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE ON HIS COB, "KRUGER."

and waiting for the middle Act on which to form a judgment, when the word passed round that a new genius had been discovered. And it was true. With a bound, such as has always been associated with the rise to fame of Irving, Mayer held the house spell-bound. He is the first great artist that Paris has found for the last ten years.

#### *The French "Zoo."*

One of the prettiest and most interesting of Paris attractions is threatened by the failure of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It seems that the Exhibition, which they had imagined would be its fortune, has been its ruin, and, after fifty years, it has to face its creditors. Everything that has been suggested by its best friends to make the London Zoological Gardens perfect was done in the "Jardin." The music was excellent, the refreshments moderately priced, and the arrangement of the animals most artistic.

#### *Relics at our Military Exhibition.*

The Military Exhibition at Earl's Court has just received the very attractive addition of some special martial relics, which, owing to circumstances hitherto uncontrollable, could not be exhibited at the time the Exhibition opened. Mr. Gordon Hunter, ever zealous in promoting the welfare of this popular resort, has, thanks to the aid of most distinguished personages, been enabled to arrange a very fine show. For example, the King has lent a splendid bronze cannon that was captured at Mandalay, where, according to the poet Kipling, "The flying-fishes play." Lord Roberts (our beloved "Bobs") has sent along certain guns that were lost at Maiwand and were recaptured at Kandahar after his ever-famous march. From the Duke of Connaught comes the portrait of one of the oldest Army pensioners known, namely, John Henderson, who passed his century by six years; and the Duke of Cambridge has sent a hoof of the gallant steed that he rode at Alma and Inkerman. The other military treasures at the Exhibition include many relics concerning the "Iron Duke," and sundry Waterloo mementoes belonging to other veterans. Moreover, many a gallant War - Correspondent has contributed relics of the present War, which, with all its disappointments and reverses, has shed such undying glory upon Great and Greater Britain's gallant Army.

#### *The late Mr. Lorillard.*

The death of that celebrated American financier and commercial magnate, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, which occurred a week ago, and only a few days after he had won a race at Newmarket, caused widespread regret not only among financial and racing folk, but in many a social circle where Mr. Lorillard was always welcome. Of course, the chief claim of the deceased American upon English renown was the fact that it was his famous horse, *Iroquois*, that first won the English Derby for the United States. In due course, this noble animal also won the *Leger* and several other important "classic events," as the sporting reporters love to call them. It was not alone for these victories, however, and for his frequent tremendous "plunging," that Mr. Lorillard was so immensely popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite his wealth, he was a man of simple, unaffected manners, and those who knew him well know that years ago he learned to love England as much as the English people loved him.

#### *Sir F. Jeune's Recreations.*

The opinions of the President of the Probate and Divorce Court are set out at length in an interesting letter which he sent to one of *The Sketch* contributors the other day, in which he says: "My recreations are of a very ordinary kind. I do not shoot, for want of eyesight; and I do not hunt, for want of time. I ride, bicycle, and—to go to the latest form of amusement—have enjoyed myself a great deal on a motor-car. To exclude also the latest forms of amusement, I do not play croquet or 'Bridge,' because both bore me. I should agree more with the first part of Mr. Justice Buller's definition of fun—'Nisi Prius all day, and whist all night'—than with the second.—Yours faithfully, F. H. JEUNE. P.S.—I send you two photos of myself on my cob, 'Kruger,' which may, perhaps, serve your purpose. They are entirely at your disposition, as they were taken by my daughter." It is one of these interesting snapshots that is reproduced.



MISS NINA SEVENING AS MARY ANSTELL IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



*Summer Fireworks.*

The Alexandra Park Trustees, represented by Mr. Henry Burt, who had much to do with the acquirement of the Muswell Hill pleasure-resort for the public, added a brilliant attraction last Thursday night, in the shape of a grand pyrotechnic display by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., whose fireworks have been so much appreciated at the Crystal Palace. The magnificent fire-picture of the Battle of Trafalgar kindled the patriotic fervour of the multitude in a marked degree.

*Hospital in St. John's Wood.*

Really, the Lord Mayor is beating the Civic record—as regards ubiquity. One of his most recent pilgrimages was to St. John's Wood, to open the beautiful Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in the Grove End Road, a noble Roman Catholic Charity in which the Duke of Norfolk is personally most deeply interested.

*The "Evelyn Wood" Prizes.*

The "Evelyn Wood" is one of the few competitions at the Bisley Meeting confined to members of the Regular forces, and one cannot refrain from thinking it would be more appropriately placed in the programme of the Army Rifle Association than that of the National Association. It is a team shoot, and some of the nine which started from Aldershot were in a rather parlous condition when they arrived on the ranges, after an exhausting march of about eleven miles in the almost overpowering heat that prevailed on the opening Monday. Seven of the nine teams which competed belonged to one battalion, the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, and that which won—A Company—took the cup in the same competition last year.



General Brookes.

General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.

JUDGING THE EVELYN WOOD COMPETITION AT BISLEY.

*Bisley Novelty.*

The unquestioned novelty of the present meeting, one that is the direct outcome of the War in South Africa, is the team snap-competition which took place last evening (Tuesday), called the "Commander-in-Chief's Match." The teams consisted of a non-commissioned officer and nine men from any cavalry or infantry regiment or battalion in the King's Service. The match was fired at the short distance of one hundred and fifty yards, against ten targets, each of which bore a life-size representation of the head and shoulders of a man in the act of firing. The members of the teams sheltered themselves, or "took cover," behind a small breastwork, that looked like an ant-hill, and, on a whistle sounding, they rose and fired at the target, using the breastwork as a rest should they choose. In four seconds they had to let off their shot and retake their cover. It was a remarkably fine practice—interesting, perhaps amusing, and certainly instructive.

*King's First Stage.*

The First Stage of the King's Prize on Monday was remarkable for but little more than the increased entries, consequent upon the capitulation of the Council in the matter of the compulsory standing position at 200 yards.

The Duke of York's School was *en fête* last week. On the 10th of July, quite a host of distinguished people, mostly drawn from Service circles, gathered together at Chelsea Hospital in

order to see Lord Roberts hold the Annual Inspection. This took place in the spacious grounds, which might be a hundred miles from the busy city's roar of traffic. Fortunate indeed is the lad whose father's services to King and Country entitle him to take his place among the eight hundred boys trained in the Duke of York's School. In the Hall of the establishment is an imposing Roll of Honour,



THE EVELYN WOOD COMPETITION AT BISLEY: THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY TAKING COVER.

whereon are inscribed the names of all the old boys who in course of time, by steady good conduct and valour combined, have won their Commission, and among them are some names noted in the history of the British Army. Lord Roberts, who takes a keen personal interest in the sons of soldiers of all ranks, addressed some moving words to these future defenders of the Empire, and each of his hearers must have felt the better for seeing, even in this most formal manner, something of the great Commander whose exploits have already become legendary in the British Army.

*British and U.S. "Jollies."*

The good-feeling existing between the Marines of the British Forces and those of the United States lately operating together in China has resulted in a unique double present to the Officers' Mess of the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Portsmouth. Captain and Brevet-Major S. T. Halliday, who gained the "V.C." for his gallantry in the defence of the Peking Legation, has presented the rifle of a "Boxer" for whom he accounted when he gained the little gun-metal decoration, and, on behalf of his brave brother-in-arms, Captain Myers, of the United States Marines, he has also placed in the Mess a Chinese flag captured by a detachment under the command of the latter officer, with some of our own "Jollies," at Peking. Among the many much-prized trophies at Portsmouth headquarters, these will undoubtedly take a foremost place, as yet another proof that "blood is thicker than water."

*Johannesburg and the 15th Brigade.*

South Africa's "Golden City" is waking up. Not only have some of the mines re-started, but stores and Clubs are resuming their wonted cheerful aspect. An interesting function recently was the presentation by Colonel C. E. Bradley, commanding Lines of Communication, on behalf of the Fifteenth Brigade, of a handsome silver-gilt cup to the New Club of Johannesburg, in recognition of the hospitality the officers and staff had received for the last twelve months. The Brigade was the first to enter Johannesburg, and the subscriptions were limited to its members. It is curious to note the clinging of Tommy Atkins to the old number of his regiment, for the cup is inscribed, "22nd Cheshire, 30th East Lancashire, 98th North Staffordshire, and 24th South Wales Borderers," as the regimental titles of the battalions composing the Brigade, thus happily combining the Territorial designation with the old number.



AT BISLEY: "A" COMPANY, 2ND BATTALION HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, WINNERS OF THE EVELYN WOOD CUP.

From Photographs by Gibbs, 'Aldershot' and Kingston.



# THE SOCIAL JESTER



## I AM MADLY MERRY—AT MARGATE.

**B**EFORE taking train or boat to any popular seaside resort, my dear young lady, I make it a rule to decide upon the attitude of mind that I intend to adopt throughout my visit. To such an ardent devotee of the halfpenny Press as yourself, I need hardly say that the first essential is to look at the matter from an alliterative point of view. Thus, I am Breezy at Brighton, Beautiful at Bournemouth, Elegant at Eastbourne, Racy at Ramsgate, Lazy at Lowestoft, Frolicsome at Felixstowe, Sentimental at Scarborough, Lispering at Llandudno, and so forth. At Margate, however, I became doubly alliterative, and was Madly Merry.

This state of things, I hasten to add, was solely due to the extraordinarily fine quality of the air. As I stood on that hill above the town and opened my mouth and drew deep breaths of ozone right down into my London-dust-choked lungs, I wouldn't have exchanged that exhilarating draught for all the magnums of champagne in the cellars of the Rothschilds—at least, I don't think I would have. Other times, of course, other ideas. But it says something for the air of Margate that I am writing this article in the heart of London, with my coat off and my head in a heat-wave; and can yet remember distinctly my enthusiasms on the top of the hill.

Even at Margate, however, the obvious visitor is not altogether immune from the attacks of plausible Jehus, and I presently found myself, in spite of my previous contentment, being jerkily driven in a four-wheeled tripper-trap towards Kingsgate. Having once got me into his vehicle, the driver, I rejoice to say, was content to get through with the business in hand as easily as possible, and did not pester me with those laudatory remarks anent the surrounding country that very nearly prevented me from sleeping on the occasion of my visit to the Isle of Wight. The air, however, was still so exhilarating that I kept awake of sheer, deliberate choice, and fell to noting the extraordinary resemblance that exists between cabmen of all sizes and ages when viewed from the back. By their very attitude they seem able to convey to their passengers a sense of dogged determination tempered with a suggestion of injured innocence.

As we neared Kingsgate, an isolated and romantic spot on the coast-line composed mainly of steep cliffing and a public-house, my mind went back to the days of my extreme youth and the books about smuggling that I used to read, with a bored air and a bounding heart, in preparation. So desolate, so wild was the situation, that I was by no means surprised to catch sight of three desperate ruffians in rough sailor-clothes sitting on an enormous cask near the edge of the cliff.

"Hist!" said I to the Jehu.

"Pardon, sir?" said he.

"Draw rein," I breathed in his ear. "I must e'en forward on foot to do the King's business."

"Better let me drive up to the pub, sir," said he.

"Silence, fellow!" I snorted.

"Art in league thyself with yon rapscallions?" and, without more

ado, I seized his wrist and compelled him to bring his crazy curriole to a stop. 'Twas then but the work of a moment to leap to the ground, press my hat well down over my eyes, and steal cautiously along until I came to within hailing distance of the band. They were, of course, members of the Coastguard, but I persuaded myself that the affair was almost an adventure, and drove back to Margate with a capital appetite for lunch.

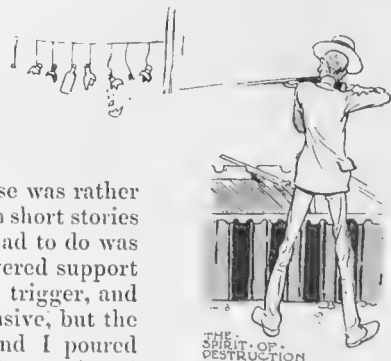
It was still in this devil-may-care kind of mood that I found my way, as the golden afternoon slowly softened into cool, grey evening, to a bottle-shooting saloon. The rifle provided for my use was rather of the family-magazine order—seven short stories for sixpence and no recoil. All I had to do was to lean comfortably on a baize-covered support provided for the purpose, pull the trigger, and see the bottles fall. It was expensive, but the spirit of destruction was on me, and I poured round after round into the glittering ranks of the enemy. It was then, I think, for the first time, that I began to understand the real meaning of the word "War." For even I, one of the most peace-loving subjects of His Majesty, suddenly became as one possessed. The rifle grew hot in my hands; the air was filled with the reek of smoke and the crash of breaking glass; ever and anon I caught a fleeting glimpse of the scared, white faces of the bystanders. And still I fought—fired, I mean—as surely never man fired before. Once, a small boy ran into the circle of flame to tie another whisky-bottle on to the swaying, dancing string. In a moment I had put a piece of tin, or whatever you fire out of those things, through the back of his waistcoat. How long this state of affairs would have continued it is impossible for me to say, but suddenly it occurred to the saloon-keeper to inform me of the amount of my indebtedness, and those few hurriedly whispered words brought the engagement to a close. They also served to complete my realisation of the horrors of war.

By way of cooling my fevered brow—I have an idea that I have seen that expression somewhere else, perhaps in the handbooks to smuggling aforementioned—I went on to the jetty and gazed out across the sea. In the West—the usual place, you know—the sun was setting. On the distant horizon a thin streak of dark smoke clearly outlined against the evening sky indicated to the experienced that some kind of steamship was getting along there, and one found oneself wondering what sort of people they were on board, and where they had all come from and were going to. And then, as this train of thought was not only saddening, but also rendered it necessary to

conclude the sentence with a preposition, I turned my attention to a party of young ladies and gentlemen who were chanting, in somewhat uncertain tones, an account of their doings during the course of the afternoon. So far as I could gather, it seemed that they had proceeded at a leisurely pace through the streets of the town, assaulted several passers-by to the extent of stretching them out in the roadway, purchased and consumed an infinite variety of liquid refreshment, and, generally, enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. Candour compels me to admit that they were particularly mild-looking people, and yet I distinctly heard them informing all whom it might or might not concern that they were, so to speak, a rare old, fair old, rickety, rickety crew.

Eventually, I believe, they visited the Hall by the Sea. I, for my part, didn't, but I can tell you what befell there, all the same. They passed through a turnstile, and immediately began to get their money's worth by gazing, with anticipatory awe, at several rows of ailment-suggesting advertisements. Then, when the gentlemen had had some beer and the ladies some lemonade, and the ladies had consented, with a good deal of giggling remonstrance, to have a little tiny drop of beer added to their lemonade, the party passed into the dancing-saloon, and stood for quite a long time among the mere spectators, trying to make up their minds to join the ecstatic crowd of dancers. And, at length, the ladies, after declaring emphatically that it was much too hot to do anything of the kind, sidled into the arms of their respective gentlemen and led them, half-willing, half-resisting, into the giddy mazes of the waltz.

But I, in the meantime, was still standing in my solitude at the end of the jetty, gazing out across the sea. And presently the moon, an insipid grin upon his silly old face, peeped down at me over the top of a cloud, and asked me why the Saturn I didn't go and have some supper. And, as I couldn't tell him the real reason, my dear young lady, I went.



"A FAIR OLD-TIME YOU BET."



ALMOST AN ADVENTURE

Chicote





MISS LILY HAROLD.

"THE FRINGED CURTAINS OF THINE EYES ADVANCE."—THE TEMPEST, I. 2.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## TRIALS BY PEERS.

## APROPOS OF EARL RUSSELL'S CASE.

*Some Interesting Incidents and Precedents where Peers have been Tried by their Peers—Another Great Bigamy Case in the Highest Ranks of the Aristocracy—Earl Russell and the Duchess of Kingston—Queen Caroline's Trial.*

"HOW will your Lordship be tried?" asked the Deputy Clerk of the Crown when, sixty years ago, the Earl of Cardigan, the last Peer to be tried by the House of Lords, pleaded "Not Guilty" to the charge of felony in fighting a duel with Captain Tuckett on Wimbledon Common, in which the Captain was shot.

"By my Peers," replied the Earl.

"God send your Lordship a good deliverance!" replied the Clerk, and the ceremonies began. Should this precedent be followed, and it is the last which the Select Committee appointed to search the journals of the House of Lords on former trials of Peers in criminal cases will find, the daily papers will no doubt report the uttering of a similar formula in the case of the young Peer whose matrimonial difficulties have been

a lieutenant in the Navy, a young man as poor as lieutenants often are, though he afterwards became

EARL OF BRISTOL.

The course of true love having failed to run smooth, steps were taken to put the marriage aside, and, as both husband and wife seem to have been of one mind in the matter, the lady denied that she was a married woman, while the Court of the Bishop of London declared her to be "free from all matrimonial contracts and espousals with the said Hervey," who was forbidden to make any claim to the lady as his wife. After a few weeks, she was led to the altar by the Duke of Kingston. He, however, survived his happiness only four years, and one of his nephews, wishing to invalidate the will, declared that Her Grace had been guilty of bigamy, and the case was brought before the Peers.

There is one point in which Earl Russell will probably be more fortunate than the Duchess, for at the beginning of the trial she had to listen to a long lecture from the Lord High Steward, who presides on such occasions. That worthy Peer informed her that the offence of which she stood charged was "by the statute law of this Kingdom for many years, in your sex, punishable with death." To death, indeed, the beautiful woman, having been found guilty, was sentenced. That she was as clever as she was beautiful, or that her advisers were very astute, is



HOUSE OF LORDS: TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE, 1820.

After Stephanoff.

so often the subject of journalistic report in the past. The facts of the case, which are, no doubt, held in the remembrance of most people, may be succinctly stated. Having been divorced by a decree obtained in the State of Nevada,

EARL RUSSELL

married the next day the lady whose claim to the title he is practically defending as well as his own liberty. That marriage was announced in the *Times* the next day, and it was over a year after his Lordship returned to England with his second wife that the machinery of the law was set in motion and he was arrested on a charge of bigamy. To find a precedent for a similar charge, one has to go back exactly a century and a quarter, to the case of

THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON,

who was tried for this offence in 1776. That trial, indeed, created a good deal of excitement, and drew an enormous concourse of people, for in a print of the period the Great Hall is represented "as full as full might be."

Under the present circumstances, the Duchess of Kingston's trial is naturally the one which attracts attention.

ONE OF THE FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF HER TIME,

and a Maid-of-Honour to the then Princess of Wales, she was engaged to be married to the Duke of Hamilton, but, having broken off the match, she contracted a marriage with the Honourable Augustus Hervey,

proved by the fact that she demanded "the benefit of Peerage according to the statutes."

It was decided that, instead of being executed, she could demand the punishment of being

"BURNT IN THE HAND IN OPEN COURT."

Even that punishment was eventually evaded, and she was left to the "feelings of her own conscience" to supply the defect of a punishment which the assembled Peers did not mete out to her.

If only meaner mortals who are tried by their Peers in the shape of twelve good men and true could be left to the "feelings of their own conscience," what a delightful world it would be for malefactors!

In Earl Russell's case it is more than probable that

LORD HALSBURY

will be made Lord High Steward, an office which was at one time hereditary, but has to be created by a commission in order to meet the requirements on this occasion. The Lord High Steward's symbol of office is a white rod presented by the Usher of the Black Rod, and this rod is broken at the conclusion of the trial, in order to demonstrate that the commission which it represents is dissolved.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN,

the last Earl tried, sat on a stool within the Bar, uncovered and without his robes, and, when the case for the Crown and the defence had been





THE HOUSE OF LORDS, LOOKING FROM THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE TOWARDS THE THRONE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.



concluded, the Lord High Steward, rising in his place, called on each Peer in turn to give his verdict in this curious formula, "How says your Lordship, is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted or not guilty?"

The Lord thus called upon rose in his place with his head uncovered, and, placing his hand over his heart, replied, "Not guilty, upon my honour."

That practically was the unanimous verdict on the Earl, who, had he been less fortunate, would naturally have been declared "Guilty, upon my honour."

Another famous case in the past was that of

#### EARL FERRERS,

who, found guilty of murder, was sentenced to death, but, as some say, in consideration of his high degree, was permitted to be hanged by a silken rope instead of one made of hemp, like ordinary mortals. There seems, however, to be some doubt about this picturesque "fact," though there was such a rope the property of a member of the Humane Society. If it did not console the feelings of the Earl to be hanged by silk instead of the equally effectual but less aristocratic hemp, he must have enjoyed the state of his procession from the Tower to the gallows at Tyburn. Dressed in a suit of light clothes embroidered in silver, and in his own landau drawn by six horses, he went nobly to his doom, and it is said he was the first sufferer by the new drop just then introduced in place of the barbarous cart, ladder, and mediæval three-cornered gibbet. The Earl of Huntingdon, in the reign of Henry IV., was sentenced to be taken to the gallows and hanged, cut down before he was dead, disembowelled, and then beheaded and quartered, in accordance with the barbaric notions which prevailed in those earlier days.

Nor can the student of history forget

#### THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

After the birth of the Princess Charlotte, Queen Caroline went to live abroad, and her conduct was alleged to be so imprudent that it was deemed "indispensable that it should become the subject of a solemn enquiry."

Accordingly, the Earl of Liverpool introduced into the House of Lords a Bill entitled "An Act to deprive Her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the Titles, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges, and Exemptions of Queen Consort of this Realm, and to Dissolve the Marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth."

The Queen was defended by Denman and Brougham, whose names from that time forth became famous in the land, the one as Lord Chief Justice of England, and the other as Lord Chancellor. The boldness of their defence was unparalleled, and so skilfully did they conduct the case that, although the Bill went to a Second Reading with a majority in its favour of twenty-eight, and two days later the Divorce clause was carried in Committee by sixty-seven votes, yet on the day set down for the Third Reading Lord Liverpool announced that he was prepared to move its Reading that day six months.

THE QUEEN'S FRIENDS CLAIMED IT AS A TRIUMPHANT ACQUITTAL, and the Queen herself demanded a Palace and an establishment suited to her rank and station. This the King refused, alleging that it was "not possible for His Majesty, under all the circumstances, to assign any of the Royal Palaces for the Queen's residence"; but he added that "the

allowance which has hitherto been enjoyed by the Queen will be continued to her," and, when Parliament met, she received an income of £50,000 a-year. This she did not have long, as the next year she died, having been taken ill the day after she was refused admittance to Westminster Abbey, where the King was crowned.

The speeches of Denham and Brougham lasted two days each, and Brougham's peroration was written over seven times, as he told Macaulay, while Denham's speech gave rise to the famous quatrain—

Most gracious Queen; we thee implore  
To go away and sin no more;  
Or, if that effort be too great,  
To go away, at any rate.

#### THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Royal Gallery, where Earl Russell's trial opens to-morrow, is a splendid apartment connecting the King's Robing-room with the House of Lords. The ceiling is particularly fine, but most visitors linger

rather over the famous Maclise frescoes representing various noted scenes in English history—the deck of the *Victory* when Nelson was hit is the wall-picture represented in the photograph printed. In the carved niches of the doors and bay-windows look down gilded statues of eight British Kings and Queens. Earl Russell will be the only Peer present without his robes; those on whom fall the arduous task of judging his case must all appear in robes, though wearing no coronets. The Lord High Steward will keep general order, and he will, early in the proceedings, inform Earl Russell that the latter is bound by law to address himself to his Peers in general, and not to any one in particular.

#### COLONEL SIR J. WILCOCKS.

Colonel Sir James Willcocks is one on whom Fortune seems desirous of showering honours. It will be remembered that the Ashanti hero was mentioned in the first King's Speech of Edward VII., the only other individual whose name occurred in the same historic document being the Heir-Apparent. Sir James Willcocks is still on the sunny side of five-and-

forty, and twenty-one years have gone by since he received his baptism of fire in the Cabul Campaign. It was not, however, till some three years ago that his name became known to "The Man in the Street." So well did he do as Second-in-Command of the West African Frontier Force that he actually received the thanks of Government, but he topped his own record by his skilful relief of the Coomassie garrison.

Sir James Willcocks is a beau-ideal of what may be called a tropical soldier. Climatic conditions do not seem to affect him, and yet when putting in time on the deadly West Coast he scarcely alters his ordinary habits at all. On the other hand, he is strongly of opinion that English women and children should not be exposed to the deadly damp heat, and Lady Willcocks has accordingly to remain in England when her husband is winning his laurels in the "Black Man's Garden."

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



THE ROYAL GALLERY, HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE EARL RUSSELL IS TO BE TRIED BY HIS PEERS FOR ALLEGED BIGAMY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

TRIED BY PEERS: APROPOS OF EARL RUSSELL'S CASE.



MISS CHUDLEIGH (AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF KINGSTON).

*The Duchess of Kingston was arraigned before the Lords in Westminster Hall on a charge of bigamy, having married first the Hon. Augustus Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), and next, during his lifetime, Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston. April 15-22, 1776.*



EARL FERRERS.

*Earl Ferrers, tried before the House of Peers in Westminster Hall for the murder of his Steward. Executed at Tyburn 1760. The only Peer who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law on a charge of murder.*



QUEEN CAROLINE.

*Consort of George IV., tried before the House of Lords, 1820.*



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, K.C.B.

*Capitally charged for wounding Captain Harvey Tuckett in a duel. Acquitted Feb. 16, 1841.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN these days of much travelling, readers may think of a visit to Dorchester. I will give them some advice from Thomas Hardy. He suggests to cyclists that they should start their ride at Bulbarrow, towards the north of the county, and proceed along the edge of the valley to Wynyard's Gap. He promises that this will show them that Dorset has views which will compare even with the famous view from Richmond Hill of which so much has lately been written. *Literature*, by the way, publishes an excellent portrait of Mr. Hardy, one of the portraits that gives his military look. A recent portrait of the distinguished novelist also appeared in *The Sketch* of last week. Another likeness of him as a countryman portrays him as shrewd; silent, observant, weather-wise—in fact, Gabriel Oak just at the point when the winter of life first began to touch him.

The portrait in *Literature* is accompanied with an article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who boldly selects from his books "Jude the Obscure" as "by far the most complete expression of this gloomy and powerful mind." I happened to turn up the other day Mr. Henley's criticism of "The Return of the Native," published in the *Academy* at the time when it first appeared, in 1879. Mr. Henley complains that in all Mr. Hardy's work "there is a certain Hugoesque quality of insincerity, that, rare artist as he is, there is something wanting in his personality, and he is not quite a great man." "The Return of the Native" Mr. Henley pronounces "not by any means so good a book as 'A Pair of Blue Eyes.'" "The story is a sad one, but the sadness is unnecessary and uncalled for. In one scene—the scene where Clym is informed of the way of his mother's death—Mr. Hardy rises to the situation, and does nobly. But elsewhere he is only excessively clever and earnest and disappointing." I imagine that very few critics, perhaps not even Mr. Henley himself, would now subscribe to this judgment. By the way, the papers are all wrong in saying that the parts of "Tess" omitted in its first serial form appeared in two other periodicals, and were brought together in the volumes. The chapter which appeared in the *National Observer* is very different from that which we find in "Tess," and it is most important to say so, as it helps to settle what all readers of "Tess" must feel to be an unsettled problem in the book.

Mr. Birrell's lecture at Lichfield on Dr. Johnson was racy and original. He pointed out that it was startling to find how few were the times when Boswell met Johnson between 1763 and 1784. A disquieting inference might be drawn. Boswell was a great artist, but sacrifices had to be made by all great artists, whether of books or pictures, and what was the thing sacrificed? It was truth. It was a disturbing thought, and in Johnson's case it often made him sweat in his bed. Suppose the Johnson they knew and loved so well was not Boswell's Johnson? Mr. Birrell dispelled the fears of his audience by saying that in Johnson's case we had a quite unusual number of original sources of information which confirmed Boswell. Long ago, I may remind Mr. Birrell, there appeared in the *Contemporary Review* a penetrating article by that very subtle thinker, the late Mr. William Cyphers, entitled "Johnson without Boswell," in which an attempt is made, not unsuccessfully, to interpret Johnson from his works alone.

Two new translations of Shakspeare's tragedies are being published in Denmark.

The *Anglo-Saxon Review*, edited and published by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, is as well bound as ever. The new number is in white calf, and the tooling is excellent. It is reproduced from the covers of a copy of a work published at Basle in 1540, and now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Oxford. I wish I could say the contents were anything like worthy of such a setting. They are quite passable, and most of them would pass muster in any ordinary review. But to see them in such attire is almost irritating. Mr. Lang contributes a good sketch of Smollett, with nothing particularly new. Mr. Massingham writes on the next Government, and receives the place of honour. Mr. Walter Siebel, who is among the few writers of our time who are scrupulously careful about facts, discusses the Young England movement; Mr. E. S. Grew has a sensible and bright paper on the Physiognomy of Newspapers; and Mr. Sidney Low writes on Thomas Pringle, the

Poet of South Africa. All the papers are readable, but is there one of them that deserves to be bound in richly gilt calf?

Writing of the literature of France, M. Jules Praxieux remarks that one may say of the France of our time that, if genius is rare, talent is very widely spread. He gives high place to the recent work of Bourget and Theuriot, but he speaks with most cordiality of M. France's "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris": "Our language has never been so perfectly written, with such artistic avoidance of exaggeration, such sure expression of thought in every detail." o. o.

## THE THEATRICAL WEDDING OF THE SEASON.

HEARTY congratulations from *The Sketch* to Mr. Dion Boucicault and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who were married the other day at Buxton. The ceremony, which was a very quiet affair, was performed by the Rev. Codrington Nation, uncle to the bride. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Kenneth Barnes, wore quite a simple travelling-dress, a coat-and-skirt costume, in fine white summer-cloth, with a very becoming white hat to correspond. Wedding-presents were received from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pinero, Lord and Lady Churchill, the Duchess of Sutherland, Ellen Countess of Desart, Mr. and Mrs. John Hare and Miss Hare, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Gordon, Miss Isabel Quin, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Kenneth Barnes, Captain Marshall, Sir Frederick Haines, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. William Rogers, Sir George and Lady Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Max Hecht, Miss Cassellas, and Miss Douglas Lane.

Every playgoer knows the work of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, but it is interesting on such an occasion as this to dive down into one's memory—and the back numbers of the *Era*. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, then, made her first appearance on the London stage as the White Queen and Jack of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," revived at the Globe on Dec. 26, 1888—the parts originally played by Miss Kitty Abrahams. After a period of study with Miss Sarah Thorne, Miss Vanbrugh joined Mr. Toole's company for a provincial tour. She was a member of the company that he took out to Australia in the spring of 1890. On returning to London, Mr. Toole produced "Ibsen's Ghost" on May 30, 1891, with Miss Vanbrugh as Thea. Then, in the dumb-show version of "Ici on Parle Français," produced on June 13, she appeared as Angelina. In "Walker, London," produced on Feb. 5, 1892, Miss Vanbrugh was the Belle Golightly. She played Otis Hopkins, in "Homburg," produced on May 3; and then left Toole's for the Haymarket, where, on Sept. 20, she appeared as Lettice, in "The Tempter." Miss Vanbrugh enacted Mabel Seabrook in the revival of "Captain Swift" on Dec. 2, and, subsequently, was the Eugenia in Mr. Zangwill's quaint little piece, "Six Persons," produced on Dec. 22. In "The Charlatan," produced on Feb. 18, 1894, she played a small part, and also understudied Mrs. Tree. Then she proceeded to the St. James's Theatre, where she was the Charley Wishanger of "The Masqueraders," produced on April 28. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's wonderful performance of Sophy Fullgarney, in "The Gay Lord Quex," a success which she repeated in America during that tour with Mr. John Hare's company, completed her reputation.

In "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" in which Miss Vanbrugh appeared at the Court Theatre in 1898, Mr. Dion Boucicault took the part of the old Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Gower. Mr. Boucicault, who, by the way, is the son of the author of "The Colleen Bawn," "London Assurance," and "The Shaughraun," and is well known as an actor and as a stage-manager and play-producer on both sides of the Atlantic, has recently been seen at the Criterion as the drunken husband in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," and as Lord Eric Chantrell in "Wheels Within Wheels." Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault acted together in Captain Marshall's play, "His Excellency the Governor," when she took the part of Stella de Gex, and he was John Baverstoke, the Governor's Secretary. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is the daughter of the late Rev. R. H. Barnes, Vicar of Heavitree and Prebendary of Exeter, and sister of Mrs. Arthur Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

The honeymoon is being spent upon the peaceful waters of the Thames.



MR. DION BOUCICAULT,  
THE CLEVER ACTOR WHO HAS BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO WIN THE HAND  
OF MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MRS DION BOUCICAULT (MISS IRENE VANBRUGH),  
WHO WAS RECENTLY MARRIED TO MR. DION BOUCICAULT AT BUXTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



## GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

BY HENRY H. S. PEARSE.

*(One of the Special War-Correspondents in Ladysmith during the Siege.)*

**I**F ever a man has been true to himself in all the great emergencies that may make or mar a career, true to his own conception of a soldier's duty, true to the worthiest ambitions, and true to the highest traditions of a noble service, that man is Sir Evelyn Wood. "Your son was only known to me through his gallant behaviour," wrote Captain William Peel, R.N., to Evelyn Wood's father forty-six years ago, and in that brief sentence he epitomised all that the majority of Englishmen have since learned about the able and courageous soldier who now holds the highest rank save one in the British Army. Sir Evelyn has never sought popularity by any other means than following the rough, straight path of duty as British sailors and soldiers understand it.

## REPEATED PRAISE FOR HEROISM

among heroes and a recommendation for the Victoria Cross at the age of seventeen years might have turned to priggish assertiveness a mind not evenly balanced, but it made no difference in Evelyn Wood, who was the same cheery boy when he left the Navy and became a Cornet of Light Dragoons as he was at Marlborough or when the gun's crew in Peel's far-famed 21-gun Battery

## CHEERED THE "MIDSHPMITE"

who, under heavy fire from Russian redoubts, had repeatedly repaired the parapet where the shot tore through it. He had won their admiration before then by volunteering to lead a fatigue party told off to bring powder under cover from an exposed position while shells were bursting about them one day, and the next he mounted the roof of a magazine to tear off the blazing timbers that had been set on fire by shells from the Redan. While acting as

## "A.D.C." TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL,

he advanced with a storming party, and, though twice wounded, carried a ladder to the enemy's entangled trenches. The Admiral saw him there with a huge grape-shot sticking in his arm, and added warm testimony to the despatch in which young Evelyn Wood was

## RECOMMENDED FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Rewards, however, did not follow fast on meritorious deeds in those days. Before the Cross for Valour could be bestowed on him, Evelyn Wood had retired from the Navy, and thereby lost his chance of that distinction, the Admiralty thinking it should be reserved for sailors still on service.

As he had borne honour modestly, so he accepted with equal manliness this bitter rebuff. It did not lessen one jot his resolve to follow the path on which he had set out. As a

## CORNET OF THE 13TH LIGHT DRAGOONS,

he went to the Crimea a second time, but had to come back invalided. When there was fighting to be done again, however, in the Farther East, he exchanged to the 17th Lancers, and went to serve through the Mutiny. There he was among soldiers whose training in frontier wars had made them quick to appreciate a leader of men. He volunteered to lead a squadron of Bombay Cavalry in battle, and by his brilliant action then won Staff appointment, which led to the command of an Irregular cavalry regiment. By that time he had not only mastered the language of the men he led, but had found the way to their hearts, so that every squadron and every sowar in it would have

## FOLLOWED HIM ANYWHERE.

He proved it one night when, with a mere handful, he started in pursuit of seventy robbers who had carried off two loyal Potails for summary execution. The story is told curtly in an official despatch, which describes how Lieutenant Wood, after a ride of twelve miles, saw a fire burning amid dense jungle. Thereupon he dismounted, left three sowars in charge of the horses, and, with only the Duffadar and one sowar, walked stealthily with much toil through three miles of thick jungle. An hour after midnight they found themselves within twenty-six feet of the rebels. "Four or five were awake, but all the rest, to the number of seventy, were asleep. Lieutenant Wood fired a volley and rushed forward into the nullah amongst the rebels, followed by the Duffadar and sowar. Several rebels were killed; the remainder fled, leaving their arms, and the Potal Chemmun Singh was released." That was

## HOW EVELYN WOOD WON THE "V.C."

in the twenty-first year of his age and the second of service as a soldier. Twelve months later, an officer, a Major, under whom he had served as Second-in-Command, wrote: "I have never met with an officer of Lieutenant Wood's age who gave higher promise of making a brilliant soldier." How true that appreciation was subsequent events have shown. His merits, however, were not recognised by all. Injustice at the hands of a high official led to his resignation. Suffering from the effects of long exposure under canvas and in bivouac, Lieutenant Wood came back to England. Shortly afterwards he got his Captaincy, followed by a Brevet-Majority

## FOR SERVICES IN INDIA.

Then he entered the Staff College, and from that time forward his rise to distinction was unchequered by a single failure, though regimental promotion was retarded by the natural conditions of a long peace.

The next chance of active service came in 1873, when his old friend, Sir Garnet Wolseley, selected him for special work

## IN THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN.

How Lieutenant-Colonel Wood organised levies of unwarlike Fantees, routed the enemy at Essaman, and hung on their rear until they fled panic-stricken across the Prah, we were told in a generous tribute paid by Sir Garnet Wolseley. That action and brilliant services at the battle of Amoafu won the Brevet of Colonel and a Companionship of the Bath. His great qualities were not allowed to rust in the peaceful years that followed, but he found time to read for the law, and was called to the Bar

## AT THE INNER TEMPLE.

As Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Aldershot Division, Colonel Wood arranged the great and successful concentration of Volunteers in Windsor Park. A year later he resigned his Aldershot appointment and went to South Africa in command of the 90th Light Infantry. Nine days after landing there he was sent in command of a column to operate against the Zulus. Again his capacity in the organisation of Irregular forces was manifested. Within a short time he had under his command Volunteers from Natal,

## BOERS FROM THE TRANSVAAL, AND TWO REGIMENTS OF FRIENDLY NATIVES.

Beset by hosts of enemies in a mountainous country, and cut off frequently from all communication, he held his own, stormed the Zulu impis in the stronghold on Inhlobane, and inflicted great slaughter on them in

## THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA,

near Vryheid. Then he marched southwards to join hands with Lord Chelmsford in the crowning victory of Ulundi, for which, on returning to England, he received a Knight Commandership of the Bath.

Commands at Belfast and Chatham followed, but in 1881 he was on active service again in Natal, fighting against his old friends, the Boers. To him were entrusted the Majuba negotiations for peace, which, though antagonistic to his own views, he carried out conscientiously and with a tact that won respect from the sullen triumvirate of Pretoria. To this day

## SIR EVELYN WOOD'S NAME IS A POWER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In the conquest and reconstitution of Lower Egypt he played a great part. His services at Alexandria were overshadowed by the more dramatic movements round Tel-el-Kebir and Cairo. The Egyptian Army of to-day, however, remains a monument to the organising power of its first English Sirdar, who lost many chances of advancement in the English Army while devoting all his energies to the work which

## GAVE TO EGYPT A NEW MILITARY SYSTEM

and made the after-conquest of the Soudan possible. While commanding the Aldershot Division, Sir Evelyn made for himself a great reputation as an organiser of peace manœuvres. For five years he was Quartermaster-General of the Army. He is now its

## ADJUTANT-GENERAL,

and for some months in the most difficult time of the Transvaal Campaign he acted as Commander-in-Chief. How much the Army and the country owe to him in that capacity only soldiers know.

## NOTES ON PICTURES.

## PASTEL SOCIETY.

**A** SURPRISING amount of variety is possible to the treatment of pastel, as anyone may observe at the third Exhibition of the Pastel Society, which is held at the Institute, Piccadilly. Some artists can use the medium to produce the richness of oils, and in the hands of others it assumes the quality of the most delicate of water-colours; but, singularly enough, it is only the minority who think it necessary to emphasise the essential character of pastel itself. Among these, a distinguished place belongs to Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose little bits of landscape and suggestions of the Thames are gems of their kind, for they combine all the artist's decorative use of line with fascinating arrangements of colour—and they are obviously pastels. Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Bernard Partridge show capital portraits. There are also interesting contributions by Mr. Clausen, Mr. Brabazon, Mr. L'Hermitte, Mr. Melton Fiske, Mrs. Sutro, and Mr. von Glehn.

## SPORTING PICTURES.

Some attractive works are now being shown by Mr. A. Baird-Carter at 61, Jermyn Street, notably the picture of Mr. William Coryton and the Dartmoor Hounds, by Mr. Frank Paton, who gives a highly successful rendering of the animals and landscape, and Mr. Cecil Cutler, who is responsible for the portrait. The picture was lately presented to Mr. Coryton at the Plymouth Town Hall, and his likeness, as well as those of his horse and hounds, were pronounced lifelike by those acquainted with the originals. There is also a remarkably spirited picture of Diamond Jubilee winning the Derby of 1900 from Simon Dale and Disguise II., by Mr. Harrington Bird, with portraits of the jockeys by Mr. Cutler. Another work that will engage attention is "A Game of Polo at Rugby," by Mr. H. F. Lucas-Lucas, who has depicted a number of distinguished players on their well-known ponies, the riders being placed in attitudes that are individually characteristic, while also illustrative of the rigour of the game.



GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.,  
WHOSE PRIZES WERE SHOT FOR AT THE OPENING OF THE BISLEY MEETING.  
A NEW PORTRAIT BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.





MISS MAIDIE HOPE

AS LA. BELLE BOLERO IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALENTY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR

SINGING "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" AS CORA BELLAMY IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## CANADIANS AT BISLEY.

## A CHAT WITH COLONEL TILTON, COMMANDANT.

YOU drop into the Canadian Pavilion at Bisley, which is by far the most sumptuous building on the Common, and, almost before you know where you are, you find yourself so warmly welcomed and placed at ease amid the most beautiful surroundings—furniture, rugs, heads and trophies of the chase, all “raised” in the Dominion—that you begin to think that Canada, unlike another country, which shall be nameless, that is said to be a good country to live out of, must indeed be a good kind of land to live in.

A somewhat venerable-looking gentleman, with shaven lips and a little silver-tinged whisker on each side of his face, erect of figure, light of foot, with good-natured, bright eyes beaming upon the unknown (but that does not matter) visitor, meets him as he steps off the verandah into the trophy-laden hall of the Pavilion. This is Colonel Tilton, of the Reserve of Officers of Canada, and formerly Commanding Officer of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, Commandant of the team, and Chairman of the Dominion Rifle Association. After you have introduced

to the Dominion that year; and then he rises, and, apologising for leaving you a moment, shortly returns with a red morocco-covered visiting-book inscribed “Wimbledon: Visitors' Book, 1882,” and, pointing to the gilt lettering, says, “I am going to have ‘Bisley, 1901,’ put there,” and he politely asks you to enter your name amongst the new ones signed this year.

Then, beaming with pride, he turns to an earlier page bearing two signatures only, “Alexandra” and “Albert Edward.” He begins to reminisce. Rising from his seat, and hooking his arm with a grand, polished air, his face beaming with smiles, he tells you that she who is now our gracious Majesty, leaning upon his arm, pinned the Prince of Wales's badge upon the winner's breast that year. He turns to another page, inscribed “Arthur” and “Louise Margaret” (the Duke and Duchess of Connaught), to another inscribed “Leopold” and “Helen” (the Duke and Duchess of Albany), and still another, bearing the clear-cut and familiar signature “George” (Duke of Cambridge)—a record that any Commander is more than justified in being proud of.

You want to know something of the present team, and then you are told but little. Modesty is the dominant note of the Commandant's conversation. “It is early yet to speak of achievements,” he said. He would rather not say more than that he thinks he has a good team.

Private Mason. Sergt. Wilson. Lieut. Gilchrist. Pioneer Moodle. Private Mastin. Sergt. Crowe. Sergt. Des Lauriers (Manager). Lieut. Ogr. Capt. Wetmore. Capt. Henderson. Lieut.-Col. Tilton. Capt. Elliott. Lieut. Murphy. Sergt. Bayles.



Sergt. Bodley. Lieut. Davison. Sergt. Mortimer. Private Graham. Private Spencer. Sergt.-Maj. Richardson. Private Armstrong. Sergt. Macdougall. Private Swaine. Gunner Fleming.

BISLEY CANADIAN TEAM, 1901.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBBS ALDERSHOT AND KINGSTON.

yourself and you learn by whom it is you have the honour of being received, you ruminate for a second, and you think, “Well, from our standard, this is not a very military-looking gentleman”; rather, in appearance, he reminds you of the successful medical practitioner, or, perhaps, that compound of individual, the easy-going, Whip-responding Parliamentarian. But you have only to wait a very few minutes to convince yourself of the enormous reserve of power that lurks behind the bright, flashing eye, and that here unmistakably is a man destined to be a leader among his fellows, and not a servile follower; and all at once you know the how and the wherefore it is that this is the first and only officer the Dominion Rifle Association has honoured by sending over to the Mother Country twice in command of its team.

He entertains the liveliest and proudest recollections of his previous visit. It was in 1882, so that this is his first visit to Bisley. He likes the new ranges, and enjoys the new surroundings; the prospect of the heath-clad Surrey hills from the front of the Pavilion is so fine, it charms him—and so forth, until, remembering your Editor's imperative instruction with regard to the space he can afford you in which to record the interesting chat you are enjoying, you reluctantly but tactfully have to give the conversation a twist that directs it into another channel.

You ask him whether in 1882 the Canadians carried off any of the big prizes, and he tells you that they took the Prince of Wales's Prize

“How are the men selected?”

“Well, upon the results attained at the Dominion Rifle Association's Meeting—the Canadian Bisley—which is held in August each year.”

And then he talks perhaps a little more freely, but he will never commit himself to anticipations, or even the record of home achievements. There are twenty officers and men in the team, and Captain Henderson, of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, is Adjutant.

Of this number you ascertain that nine have previously competed at Bisley, and that four have journeyed over six thousand miles to do so this year. The Rajah of Kolapore's Imperial Challenge Cup, the guerdon in the great match by teams representing the Volunteers of the Mother Country, the Militia or Volunteers of the British Colonies and Dependencies, or the Indian Volunteers, has been won by the Canadians on seven occasions, namely, in 1872, 1873, 1875, 1881, 1884, 1889, and 1896. The Prince of Wales's Prize has gone to the Dominion on five occasions, namely, 1872, 1879, 1882 (Colonel Tilton's former year of command), 1887, and 1891. In 1899 a Canadian competitor won both the Grand and the Volunteer Aggregates of the meeting. One could not help thinking such good fellows deserve to win big prizes. May they be successful in carrying off some of them again this year—for it all makes for King and Empire—is the ardent wish of

HERBERT A. JONES

## CANADA IN LONDON.

THE invasion of London by our American cousins each summer is a feature of our life in town to which we are now well accustomed—indeed, so much is this the case that we are rather apt to lose sight of the fact that our even nearer relatives, our younger brothers and sisters from Canada, also annually come over and “take” the town too.

It is an altogether fortunate thing that the number of “visiting” Canadians grows larger each year. That this is so speaks well for the

## INCREASING PROSPERITY OF THE DOMINION,

and, at the same time, encourages the hope and the belief that the Imperial Idea is becoming constantly more powerful both in Canada and England.

This year there are in our midst many distinguished men from Canada. Foremost amongst them are several members of the Dominion Cabinet over which Sir Wilfrid Laurier presides so ably. One of these gentlemen,

## THE HON. DAVID MILLS,

the Minister of Justice in the Ottawa Government, is over here on business (about which a word presently). The others are on “pleasure bent.” I understand—that is to say, they are not in London on Government matters. In addition to this representation of the Dominion Cabinet, the Province of Manitoba also sends us a distinguished Minister in the person of its Attorney-General, the

## HON. COLIN CAMPBELL.

of Winnipeg. *The Sketch* takes pleasure in presenting portraits of some of these eminent men.

The Hon David Mills, Minister of Justice, is a well-known Canadian statesman who has been prominent in public life for the last thirty or forty years. He began life as a school-teacher, but he was called to the Bar in 1883. He has been a Canadian M.P. since 1867. His present visit to London is not by any means his first, but, perhaps, it is the most important, since he is here to represent the Dominion in the inter-Imperial Conference which is immediately to consider the question of the constitution of the Final Court of Colonial Appeal.

At the present time, appeals from the Provincial and Dominion Supreme Courts come up for final settlement before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Conference, to which the Dominion, Newfoundland, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and Natal are sending special delegates, is for the purpose of making, or, at least, of considering, amendments in the constitution of the Judicial Committee, with a view to giving

## THE GREAT SELF-GOVERNING COLONIES

some better representation than they now have. Mr. Mills in politics is an advanced Liberal, and doubtless he will endeavour to give the Canadian

view every prominence at the Conference. Among his colleagues in the Cabinet now in London are

## SIR LOUIS HENRY DAVIES,

Minister of Marine and Fisheries; the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance; the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; and the Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals. Sir Louis Davies is an admirable speaker—the speech he made at the Dominion Day Dinner, on July 1, at the Cecil, being a fine achievement. Mr. Fielding is the statesman who, in 1897, introduced the new Canadian Tariff, the most striking feature of which was the

## GRANTING OF PREFERENTIAL TRADE

arrangements to the Mother Country. He is an able and energetic man and an excellent platform-speaker.

The Attorney-General of Manitoba, the Hon. Colin Campbell, is in London on business for his Province. He is here, in fact, to defend before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a certain

## “LIQUOR LAW”

which the Legislature of Manitoba enacted last year. This law absolutely forbids the sale of all intoxicating liquor within the Province, but does not prohibit either the importation or exportation of intoxicants. The Province had no power legally to forbid importation or exportation.

The opponents of the “Liquor Law” contend that the Province, in passing this Act, did so unconstitutionally. The

## SUPREME COURT OF MANITOBA

has taken this view; now, the Province is appealing to the “Lords” against the decision of its local judicature, and

## MR. CAMPBELL

is in London to appear in support of the Law. It is very freely said by those people who are

acquainted with Manitoba that it will be impossible to enforce prohibition in the Province; this, however, has nothing to do with the legal point raised.

## THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

The members of the Society of Authors will learn with interest that the periodical will be suspended for two months till a new Editor is chosen. They will await the choice with curiosity. Sir Walter Besant rendered valuable and disinterested service as Editor of the *Author*, contributing to it some columns of notes for which he read all the English and American literary journals, and sometimes presenting it with a little story for which he would have had a good price elsewhere. But the magazine, small as it is, has always been a drag on the funds of the Society. I do not see any reason why it should not be made to pay its expenses, provided the Editor and contributors are willing to work for little. No periodical is ever really influential until it pays its way.



SIR LOUIS HENRY DAVIES, K.C.M.G., K.C., MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.



THE HON. A. G. BLAIR, MINISTER OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS.



THE HON. WILLIAM S. FIELDING, MINISTER OF FINANCE.



THE HON. RICHARD REID DOBELL.

## CANADIAN MINISTERS IN LONDON.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



## TOM BROWNE AT HOME.

TOM BROWNE is not the man to bear a grudge nor nurse a grievance, but there are things which it is practically impossible for any self-respecting individual to tolerate, and I must with sorrow confess to having been guilty of one of them towards that genial and rarely talented artist. In the first flush of enthusiasm at being honoured by the Editor of *The Sketch* with the commission to "do" Tom Browne at Home, I laid siege to "Wollaton," situated at Blackheath, was received with the genuine hospitality to be enjoyed there, and—betrayed my trust. The mysteries of lenses and "stops," of distances and exposures, and light, were too much for me, or was it the goodly cheer of mine host? Anyhow, though Tom Browne's house, his garden, and general environment were fairly represented, the artist himself was—let me admit it at once with all humility—grossly libelled, appearing as a boyish specimen of humanity with which one would as soon



TOM BROWNE (R.I., R.B.A.) AGREES TO BE "INTERVIEWED."

"I prefer an open grate myself."

"——!"

"You were locked up in Paris, I believe, Mr. Browne—in error, of course? Your open countenance proves you guileless."

"Of course! It is said that Rubinstein——"

"Rubinstein? Well! he's— But listen." ("Have you got the proper lens on for a 'Soul's Awakening' expression?")

"And I see a billiard-table, too."

"Extraordinary discernment! Are you related to Sherlock Holmes?"

"Do you play?"

"Play? Why, when Roberts—but look at this!" ("Better put the cue behind my back, I suppose. It's a bit uncomfortable, so look sharp.")

"I hear you sing, Mr. Browne."

"In what language would you like to hear a song, eh? Very well! Then I'll accompany myself on the accordion (picked it up in Houndsditch the other day); it's so soulful and sympathetic, and accords (See?—*accord-ion*) with the lower register."



THE "SOUL'S AWAKENING" EXPRESSION.



"ME VOICI!"



"PLAY? WHY, WHEN ROBERTS——"

dream of associating the fire of Genius as with a clothes-prop. How to make amends was a difficult and serious question, finally solved by the Editor in despatching me once more to Westcombe Park with my camera, my return-fare, and—a caution! Another cordial reception was not deserved, neither was it expected, but it was accorded nevertheless. This time, at all events, readers of *The Sketch* will be able to gather some idea of Tom Browne as he really is, and in various guises.

Hitherto, these "Artist at Home" chats have not been in any sense "interviews"; but the suggestion that we should have a typical "interview," after the manner of the—well, never mind!—for once, by way of a change, was discussed, and behold the result.

## THE "INTERVIEW."

"How do you look when you are painting one of your *chefs d'œuvre*, Mr. Browne?" (French decidedly strong!)

"This do?"

"Capitally! Half-a-minute—right! Do you ever indulge in any mental relaxation from your multitudinous duties?"

"Well, of course, you know, one must sometimes——"



"THE ACCORDION IS SO SYMPATHETIC."

"I was! But now I always go like this. You've seen Fregoli? Well, *me voici!*" (More French!) "What price that for a quick change?"

"Monsieur le Brun, j'ai l'honneur de——"

"Now then, look sharp! What next?"

"Well, Mr. Browne, would you mind standing on your head for a few minutes, so that I may——?"

The missile missed the camera—and the operator, and Tom Browne was left in peace once more to settle down to his work.

By the way, the many *Sketch* readers who have expressed their admiration of Tom Browne's excellent illustrations on "The Social Jester" page will shortly be able to secure reproductions of these in volume form. A selection of these pages, carefully revised by the author, Keble Howard, is about to be published by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol (the famous publisher of "Three Men in a Boat"). The book (the price of which will be one shilling) is to be called "The Chicot Papers," and, in addition to a striking and specially designed cover in two colours by Tom Browne, will be fully illustrated by some seventy of his original drawings.

R. D. B.



NINETY-EIGHT DEGREES IN THE SHADE.



## THE PATENT LOVE-LOCK.\*

A DUOLOGUE-COMEDIETTA, IN ONE ACT, BY KEBLE HOWARD.

[Originally played at the Court Theatre on Friday, July 5, by Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Oswald Yorke.]

CHARACTERS: SAMUEL OLDERSHAW (a loving and repentant husband);  
CONSTANCE OLDERSHAW (a loving and repentant wife).

SCENE: A Room in the Temple.

TIME: Night.

PERIOD: The Present.

SCENE: A residential room in the Temple, very untidy. Door leading into passage, Right Centre. Door leading into inner room, Left Centre. Between them, two strings coming through the wall, a wooden handle to each string.

Piano, newspapers, books, and usual furniture. Here and there may be seen models of engines and other nicknacks to indicate that the owner of the room is a person of an inventive turn of mind. The whole aspect of the room should betray the absence of a woman's hand. The piano is shut, and the lid loaded with books, &amp;c. In the centre of the mantelpiece is a panel-portrait of MRS. SAMUEL OLDERSHAW, conspicuous from the fact that it is the only cared-for object in the room.

When the curtain rises, SAM OLDERSHAW is discovered in his shirt-sleeves, collar and tie off, smoking a pipe, and endeavouring to drive a screw into a somewhat battered bookcase. A short interval elapses in silence, during which time he wrestles with the bookcase in an irritable manner and puffs at his pipe.

MR. OLD. (as the screw-driver suddenly slips and jabs his thumb). Da-ash! (Goes at it again, but suddenly throws down the screw-driver.) Bah! (Apostrophising bookcase.) I'm blessed if I wrestle with you any longer! You've been the plague of my life for the last three weeks. First of all, I made you—why, I don't know. Then I fixed you up and filled you with books, the consequence being that whenever I wanted a particular book I couldn't find it. Then you came down with a run in the night, smashed two vases, and gave me such a start that I leapt out of bed and upset the water-jug! Now I've jabbed my thumb, and there's the end of you! (Hurts the bookcase violently into a corner.) Heigh-ho! (Drops into a chair and picks up the evening paper.) "Strange Suicide at Hackney." Who cares? "Burning Fatality." Let 'em burn! "Sensational Divorce." Let 'em divorce! It's a jolly sight better than living apart, as Connie and I have been doing for the last six months. I guess her old Dad would cut up rough if he knew. I forwarded a letter only this morning to her from him, marked "Immediate," too. Poor old boy! How keen he was on our marriage! And what would he think of us if he saw through our little deception? It isn't much, all the same. I just forward his letters to her; and then I say in my letters, "Connie sends her best love and is very well," or something of that sort; and she says, "Sam wishes to be remembered to you, and will write soon," and the poor old chap little thinks that everything's all gone wrong. Heigh-ho! (Yawns.) One must do something. (Gets out decanter and syphon, mixes himself a whisky-and-soda, drinks half of it, then looks at his watch.) I've a good mind to go to the theatre; have some dinner first—all alone, and then the sparkling wit of the halls! (Laughs drearily.) It's a gay life is a bachelor's! (Drinks again. A sudden knock at the outer door. Shouting) All right! (he lazily wheels himself in his chair up to the book wall and gently pulls at the right handle. It refuses to budge. He pulls again, harder. Still it won't move.) Confound that old laundress! She's been messing about with these lock-strings, I suppose. (Several loud knocks at the outer door. He tugs again at the handle and then throws it down angrily.) All right, all right! I'm coming! [Exit R. c., and speaks without.] Wait a minute! There's something wrong with this beastly lock. Come open, you brute! (Sound of a latch pulled back and a door opening.) Telegram? Thanks. Don't pull the door to. The latch has slipped, and I don't want to be fixed in for the night. Wait a minute! I'll see if there's an answer. [Enter R. c., tearing open telegram. Reads it.] Good Lord! "Arrive Euston 2.15 p.m. to-morrow. Your loving father." Now, wait! Let me think. Handed in at Edinburgh 7.35 p.m. Edinburgh? Then it's from—yes—from Connie's old governor. Great Scott! Well, there's no answer, I suppose. [Exit R. c. and speaking without.] There's no answer. Here you are—for yourself. Don't shut the door. Good-night! [Re-enters R. c.] "Arrive Euston 2.15 p.m. to-morrow. Your loving father." Here's a pretty how-d'ye-do! This wire was meant for Connie. (Blankly.) Now what on earth am I to do? The old chap

will be heart-broken when he finds out that— He musn't find out. I must go and see her, or something. No; I daren't! Wire! Where's that boy? Oh, he's gone! I must go. It'll be an excuse to—see her. By Jove, I will! (Dives into inner room through door L. c.)

[Enter CONSTANCE OLDERSHAW R. c. She taps gently at the door, and then walks in timidly, looking all round the room for her husband.]

MRS. OLD. Well, this is very strange! He must be in, because his outside door was not fastened. (Taking up whisky-and-soda and smelling it.) Oh yes, he's in! Perhaps he's in there. (Nodding towards inner room.) Oh dear! How dreadfully nervous I feel! So absurd, too, to feel nervous about meeting one's own husband, especially when one has been doing nothing wrong. In fact, quite the opposite! (She walks gently round the room, finally coming to a halt opposite the pier-glass over the side-board.) I do hope I look nice! (Arranges her hair nervously.) Not that it matters at all—!

[Enter MR. OLDERSHAW in his shirt-sleeves, holding a collar and a brush.]

MR. OLD. 'Can't see a bit in that confounded place! 'Have to come in here always to do my hair! (Walks rapidly over to glass; almost runs into MRS. OLDERSHAW.) Hallo!

MRS. OLD. (embarrassed). How do you do? I hope I didn't startle you.

MR. OLD. (absently brushing his hair, and still staring at her). Not a bit, not a bit! In fact, I rather thought you'd be here!

MRS. OLD. (raising her eyebrows). Really? How curious! Won't you sit down?

MR. OLD. Thanks, awfully! (Sits down on the extreme edge of the nearest chair.) Perhaps you will— (Waves his hand towards the room in general.)

MRS. OLD. Thank you! (Sits down in a similar manner at the other side of the room.)

MR. OLD. (waving his collar airily). It's a lovely evening.

MRS. OLD. (politely). Yes. Raining, though.

MR. OLD. Really? (Aside) I wish I had my collar on.

MRS. OLD. I hope I am not—keeping you at all?

MR. OLD. (after buttoning his collar at the back, the wrong way round). Not a bit, not a bit!

MRS. OLD. (aside). This is very awkward! (Aloud.) You forwarded a letter to me this morning

MR. OLD. (confidently). No! Oh dear me, no!

MRS. OLD. (surprised). I think you are mistaken. I have it with me.

MR. OLD. I beg your pardon. You have—I don't quite—

MRS. OLD. I was saying that you forwarded me a letter this morning. (Aside.) I'm afraid he's been drinking.

MR. OLD. Oh yes, yes, I did! Quite right! (Gives another tug at his collar.)

MRS. OLD. Perhaps you noticed it was from Papa.

MR. OLD. Er—yes—I think I did observe something of the sort. Won't you have anything? (Indicates the whisky-bottle.)

MRS. OLD. (severely). Thank you, no!

MR. OLD. I beg your pardon. Some tea?

MRS. OLD. No, thank you. (Abruptly.) Papa is coming to see us to-morrow.

MR. OLD. (staring vacantly, with his mouth open). Eh?

MRS. OLD. Papa is coming to see us to-morrow.

MR. OLD. You don't say so? Where?

MRS. OLD. Here, I suppose. Where else?

MR. OLD. I don't know. Will he be able to?

MRS. OLD. He must! It can't be helped.

MR. OLD. The deuce it can't!

MRS. OLD. Thank you!

MR. OLD. Not at all! I mean—er—that it is not at all what I meant.

MRS. OLD. Perhaps you would like to see the letter. (Hands it to him.)

MR. OLD. Thank you. (Reading.) "My dearest little Connie—"

MRS. OLD. That's nothing! You can miss that. Turn over.

MR. OLD. (after turning over). "I have lately been suffering from a slight attack of influenza, and my doctor orders a little trip on the Continent, so I start the day after to-morrow—"

MRS. OLD. That's to-morrow.

MR. OLD. "And will wire the time of my arrival at Euston. I am looking forward very much to having a nice long day with you and your dear husband, and was so delighted to hear in your last letter that you and he—"

MRS. OLD. (*interrupting and taking letter*). That's all. What I want to know is whether the wire has come yet.

MR. OLD. (*dazedly*). Now, let me see! No; it hasn't come here.

MRS. OLD. Are you sure? It *must* have come here! It couldn't come anywhere else.

MR. OLD. Well, perhaps it has then! (*Brushing his hair with the back of the brush*). In fact, I rather think it has. Indeed, now I think of it, here it is! (*Picks up telegram from the table and hands it to her*).

MRS. OLD. (*reading telegram*). "Arrive Euston 2.15 p.m. to-morrow." That means that he will be with—be in town about seven hours.

MR. OLD. (*gazing at her blankly and fumbling at his waistcoat*). Let's hope it will be a fine day.

MRS. OLD. Instead of making idiotic remarks, perhaps you will arrange what we are to do.

MR. OLD. Yes, certainly! (*Absently lights a cigarette*).

care. I wouldn't now—I— (*Suddenly drops into a chair and puts up her handkerchief*).

MR. OLD. (*aside*). What a cad I am! Poor little woman! If only she knew how much I love her still—yes, more, far more, than ever! But I can't expect her to come back to me now.

[MRS. OLDERSHAW sits up and dries her eyes. Then she gets ready to go.

MR. OLD. (*advancing towards her*). Are you going?

[MRS. OLDERSHAW bows and passes towards the door.

MR. OLD. And your father?

MRS. OLD. (*brokenly*). I—I can't help it!

MR. OLD. (*taking her hand*). Constance, I have been a brute. I didn't mean it. But a fellow gets so cross . . . and peevish living all by himself.

MRS. OLD. What do you want to tell me? (*She draws away her hand*).

MR. OLD. Only that I am most confoundedly sorry! And then—about your father. He ought not to know of our—our quarrel. Why can't we receive him together to-morrow—just for this once?



Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.]

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.



[Photo by Arthur, Detroit, U.S.A.

MR. OSWALD YORKE.

WHO PLAYED THE PARTS OF MRS. AND MR. OLDERSHAW WITH PRONOUNCED SUCCESS IN THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION OF "THE PATENT LOVE-LOCK," AT THE COURT THEATRE, ON JULY 5 LAST.

MRS. OLD. (*impatiently*). Sam! I mean—er—do settle something!

MR. OLD. (*shuddering*). Don't talk about "settling": it reminds me of bills.

MRS. OLD. All the more reason why you should attend to this letter.

MR. OLD. (*with change of manner*). What do you mean?

MRS. OLD. (*angrily*). You know very well what I mean! You know that when we got married we depended, to a great extent, on the money we received from Papa, and—

MR. OLD. Thank you! As far as I am concerned, Papa and his money may go to the devil!

MRS. OLD. You didn't say that when you married me.

MR. OLD. When I married you, I never thought about the money one way or the other. I loved you!

MRS. OLD. (*coldly*). I remember that you said something of the kind.

MR. OLD. It was true—then!

MRS. OLD. You needn't trouble to repeat it.

MR. OLD. I had not the slightest intention of doing so.

MRS. OLD. (*still more coldly*). You know, of course, why I came here?

MR. OLD. I think so. You wanted me to aid you in deceiving your father.

MRS. OLD. (*defiantly*). Yes, I did! For his sake! But now I don't

now—  
MRS. OLD. (*shortly*). That was what I was going to propose. But

MR. OLD. Never mind about those foolish speeches of mine. Forget them—for his sake. We *must* receive him together!

MRS. OLD. (*smiling*). Don't you think we shall spoil it all by quarrelling?

MR. OLD. (*joyously*). Rather not! But look here, this place is in an awful mess. I'm afraid he'll think—

MRS. OLD. That I'm a bad housekeeper? Well, we must put it straight.

MR. OLD. Come along, then! Won't you take off your things?

MRS. OLD. (*looking round the room*). Well, perhaps it would be better. There's a lot to do. But I can't stay more than ten minutes. (*Takes off her hat and jacket*). Now then, first of all, this. (*Puts the whisky-bottle in the cupboard*). MR. OLDERSHAW looks rather shame-faced.)

MR. OLD. Yes, of course! That's the worst of these laundresses. They will have their nip, you know!

MRS. OLD. Hold out your arms. (*She piles him up with books, coats, hats, sticks, and finally a kettle, remarking: "There," "Wait a minute," "Be careful," &c.*)



MR. OLD. Don't mind me at all, will you? I rather like to be turned into a Gipsy caravan.

MRS. OLD. That woman ought to be sent to prison. She doesn't do a stroke of work—that's quite evident! Now, you may go.

MR. OLD. Thanks, awfully! (*Going.*) You're not to slip away before I can get back. [*Exit hurriedly R. C.*]

MRS. OLD. Poor old boy! What a state his room is in! How he does want me to look after him again! But I certainly shan't propose it. Still, I may have been just a little bit bad-tempered—in fact, I'm sure I was! I wonder whether I shall ever come back to him. (*Sighs.*) Anyhow, I shan't unless he goes down on his knees to me. (*She goes on dusting the room.*) [*Enter MR. OLDERSHAW R.C., looking dishevelled.*]

MR. OLD. Well, how are we getting on? Looks a little more shipshape already.

MRS. OLD. There are about two hundred small articles on the floor. You might collect them carefully, and put them outside.

MR. OLD. Rather! (*Goes down on his hands and knees under the table, and proceeds to collect as many things as possible in his arms. When he emerges, he drops something. Both stoop to pick it up. He takes her hand and kisses it. Then she crosses quickly to the piano, sits down, and begins to play softly. He goes out R.C.*)

MRS. OLD. How frightfully out of tune it is! [*Enter MR. OLD. R.C.*]

MR. OLD. Good! How does it go?

MRS. OLD. Has somebody been standing on the notes?

MR. OLD. Very likely! (*Tenderly.*) That's about all the playing it ever gets.

MRS. OLD. (*still playing.*) It's an awfully jolly little piano! (*Then stopping suddenly and turning round.*) Papa has an excellent car!

MR. OLD. I'm very glad! So nice for him!

MRS. OLD. Yes. But what will he think of me if he finds the piano in this state?

MR. OLD. Will he want to play?

MRS. OLD. No. But he will probably want me to play.

MR. OLD. (*seizing a knife.*) We must tune it at once.

MRS. OLD. (*laughing.*) Don't be silly!

MR. OLD. (*pleadingly.*) Why not?

MRS. OLD. (*looking at him.*) Because we—haven't time. Get a man in the first thing to-morrow and have it tuned.

MR. OLD. I shan't remember it.

MRS. OLD. I'll put up a notice for you. (*Writes on a piece of paper.*) "PIANO!" There you are! (*Sticks it up in a prominent place.*)

MR. OLD. I shall probably think I meant to pawn it.

MRS. OLD. Oh, don't, Sam! (*Taking up her jacket.*) Hold my jacket, please.

MR. OLD. (*taking it.*) Must you go?

MRS. OLD. Yes, it's getting late. A little higher. Tuck my sleeves in, please.

MR. OLD. I almost forget how. (*He carefully tucks in the sleeves, then suddenly attempts to take her in his arms. She gently releases herself and puts on her hat.*)

MRS. OLD. (*looking round and about to go.*) I think it will do now. (*She avoids her husband's eyes.*) I'll call in the morning. We must go together and meet Papa. Do you mind?

MR. OLD. (*quietly.*) No.

MRS. OLD. Thank you! Now, I must be off. (*Suddenly catching sight of the handles on the wall.*) Oh, Sam, what are those for? (*Goes up to them. He follows her.*)

MR. OLD. A little invention of mine to save myself trouble. They are connected with the latch on the door.

MRS. OLD. How jolly! Then, if I pull this one (*takes right handle*)—?

MR. OLD. Nothing happens, because the lock is broken and I've fastened it back.

MRS. OLD. And if I pull this one (*takes left handle*), what happens?

MR. OLD. You will be locked in.

MRS. OLD. (*still holding the handle.*) Locked in?

MR. OLD. Yes, locked in.

MRS. OLD. If I pull this?

MR. OLD. If you pull that

MRS. OLD. Then I—

MR. OLD. (*bending over her.*) Will?

MRS. OLD. Won't! (*She keeps her hand on the handle and looks up at him.*)

MR. OLD. (*facing her and looking into her eyes.*) Are you sure you won't, Connie?

MRS. OLD. (*still holding the handle.*) It wouldn't be any good.

MR. OLD. Yes, darling; it would, indeed! It would mean that the most wretched time in my whole life would be over. Don't you love me still, Connie?

MRS. OLD. (*looking down—very softly.*) Yes, dear, I do love you still; I love you very, very much—so much, Sam (*looking up*), that these six months have been the most miserable of my whole life. But—

MR. OLD. (*tenderly.*) But what, darling?

MRS. OLD. Don't you think we shall—fall out again?

MR. OLD. I know I shan't!

MRS. OLD. But how do you know I shan't?

MR. OLD. I think I'll risk it.

MRS. OLD. (*looking at him challengingly.*) You daren't!

MR. OLD. Are you sure? (*MRS. OLD. nods.*)

MR. OLD. Quite sure? (*MRS. OLD. nods again. They look at the string, then come slowly down the stage together, she still holding the handle. The sharp click of the lock is heard. Both give a deep sigh and embrace as the curtain falls.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Hors d'Œuvres: Only More So—Motto for the Week: "Ich Dine"—Political Gastronomy—Split Liberalism and Soda—Asquith au Truffes de Périgord—Thick and Clear Policies—How to Dine Free of Expense (By One Who Knows).*

THERE is always something fascinating about the subject of dinner, and it is one peculiarly suitable for an article entitled "Hors d'Œuvres." This week the politics of the Empire are centred on the giving and receiving of a certain historic dinner. A new political method has been evolved—that of killing your opponents by kindness (kindness to somebody else). *The Sketch* has sat on the fence and balanced itself on the tight-rope with dogged determination since its birth, and is capable of looking at the crisis solely from a gastronomic and culinary standpoint.

Personally, the admittedly low moral tone of the House of Commons has always kept me aloof from politics. I am a Home Ruler in Ireland, a Presbyterian in Scotland, a big-Englander at home, a Progressive when calling at Spring Gardens, and find my general comfort greatly increased by these convictions. If anyone will invent a new political religion, I am ready to join it for variety. I never could make up my mind whether to throw my influence in with the Radical Left, the Liberal-Imperialist Right, the Tory Right-Centre, Centre-Half, or Full-Back. But I am strongly pro-dinner in politics. I might describe myself as belonging to the Liver Wing of the Independent section. I am a member of the Dinner Party. I am Liberal in my ideas about diet. My views here are as strong as upon these iniquitous duties on wine and cigars. I have supported the Navy League ever since I discovered that, if she loses the command of the sea, England is at once brought to a state of starvation.

If the Asquith dinner was likely to be a bad one or the wine was poisoned, one could understand some demur about it. But, looked at in the above broad light, Sir Henry's refusal to partake of the dinner seems unworthy of a statesman of his sound judgment. The Temperance Party might justly have agitated to have the banquet held at a vegetarian restaurant, and allow nothing but Zoedone to be drunk. But, at the present rate, Members of Parliament, to avoid suspicion, will have to live on skilly in Concentration Camps. Lord Salisbury may be expected to rebuke the Colonial Secretary for giving a Ping-Pong afternoon-party to children, as, having some sinister under-meaning. Herr Kubelik, if lunched by a few of his following, will have to be police-protected against the patrons of Señor Sarasate. A banquet to Madame Bernhardt will be interpreted as a slight on somebody else, and have to be held in a bomb-proof hall packed with "stewards," with armed prize-fighters as waiters.

If they are really in want of perverts, I only wish some Political Party would approach me in this way. I would undertake to go over to any given side once a week for an elaborate dinner free of charge at the Carlton. Note that it is now to the interest of the smart restaurants to foment political differences. One of the great hotel syndicates is alleged to be trying to create a Conservative split, "during which" Mr. Chamberlain would hold a champagne-supper at Prince's as a sign of mutiny against Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Winston Churchill lunch at each other in the most offensive way at the Savoy. Campbell might conversely be induced to dine Bannerman, and over a bottle of port forget all differences and swear eternal friendship in a grand Coalition. The Salisbury Cabinet might justify its name of "Hotel Cecil" and hold a family "spree" all "off its own bat."

It seems a curious time to "split" about the War, when it is on the point of ending. At least, we may assume it is, as the experts calculate it will go on for another two years. After all, we can have enough of a good thing, even of war. It has become dull, and one cannot say a worse thing of a war than that. It is unavoidably harsh on the Boer prisoners, who, after living in such injurious luxury, will be sent back to the hardships of their home-circles. But think of seeing again our young friends, who went out to "the Front" helpless and ignorant boys, and are coming back to their mothers manly, independent fellows able to drink and swear! Yes, let us compromise the matter with the Boers. We keep the Transvaal and Orange Free State, with the revenues, armaments, Post Office, gold-mines, and railways. They retain some of the farms on the more out-of-the-way quarters of the veldt, where the ground is shingly and grass scarce. We ought to make concessions in the grand cause of general peace.

After all, Mr. Asquith must dine somewhere on the 19th, and why not at someone else's expense? That, at least, is my view of the matter. One would think that Liberal leaders, like poets, never dined anywhere—simply had a stale bun and a glass of milk at the "A. B. C." when they could hold out no longer. I happen to know that Mr. Asquith has accepted the invitation solely because he expects, about eight-thirty p.m. on the 19th, to be very hungry. He will not be asked to eat his words, to eat humble-pie, or swallow the leek. The proposed "muzzling" of Mr. Asquith—with a view, presumably, to starve him into submission—is therefore a barbarous expedient. Cruel, mediæval methods of this kind will only drive a Party, made furious by privation, to desperate measures.

HILL ROWAN.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## FASHIONABLE SOCIETY AND THE OPERA.

THE ROYAL OPERA at Covent Garden has become as brilliantly fashionable as even during what are often called the "palmy days." Indeed, it may be doubted whether Opera—one might say Cosmopolitan Opera—has ever been more popular than during the last lustrum. This Season, although many theatres have languished, Covent Garden has flourished; and yet, alas! we all know too well that Royalty has been compelled to hold aloof owing to circumstances still painfully fresh in the minds of a faithful public. Yet, seeing that, on the whole, the music presented has been of a comparatively severe and exacting character, one may well express surprise. One of the most constant *habitués* is handsome

## LADY DE GREY,

visible, save during her visit to Sandringham, almost every evening in her grand-tier box on the O.P. side. A charming contrast is shown between the almost Oriental beauty of the Countess and the blonde prettiness of her daughter, Lady Juliette Lowther. A frequent visitor is the charming

DUCHESS OF  
MARLBOROUGH,

one, of course, of the American Brigade which is largely in evidence and contributes much to the splendour of the house by its colossal display of jewellery. The fact that mourning must be worn by Court ladies naturally affects to some extent the appearance of the house; nevertheless, many—as, for instance, Lady Colebrooke—shine brilliantly against the black which, after all, since skirts are barely visible in the boxes, is not a very serious infliction to ladies *en grande tenue*. It would take more than a column of *The Sketch* to give anything like a list of the stately and beautiful women of our aristocracy who give splendour and lustre to the grand house. A noticeable feature, by the way, is the fact that a great many of those who grace the Opera do not cover their shapely arms and pretty hands with gloves. Possibly the *gantier* will object to such a fashion, though the manicurist will rejoice and the men will be delighted. Our Irish brothers will be pleased to see that the "wearing of the green" is popular, and that, indeed, quite a large number of the most *chic* women in London are wearing garlands of vivid-green leaves in the hair, now treated so elaborately by the fashionable coiffeur that his work takes up a great deal of the time of the *grande dame*. One had almost forgotten the men who visit the house, since they, of course, however brilliant their position in Society, take rather a back-seat at such a function, and yet Society is very well represented, although, undoubtedly, there are fewer black coats than white shoulders to be seen in the boxes.

Some of Wagner's admirers complain that too few of his works are performed at Covent Garden this year, but I am informed on good authority that the subscribers wished to hear the works of other composers. The Directors have therefore revived several French and Italian operas; for example, "Aïda," with Tamagno as the hero; "Otello," for the same tenor; Puccini's "La Tosca," and Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" (Mdlle. Calvé's dramatic embodiment of which character is recalled by MM. Downey's most artistic portrait).

I am glad to note Mozart's "Don Giovanni" will be given during the final week of the Season, with Signor Scetti as the Don, and Madame

Suzanne Adams, Miss Scheff, Madame Sobrino, and Mdlle. Paquot in the cast. Lalo's opera, "Le Roi d'Ys," the only novelty of the Season, was rehearsed on the 16th. I sympathise with the Royal Opera Syndicate in the difficulty they have experienced to find tenors. Many new-comers have been heard, but none have quite realised expectations. On the 9th inst., M. Jérôme sang in "Faust," but, alas! he was far from being an ideal Faust. I could not fancy Marguerite being fascinated by such a hero. His voice was good in the middle register, but the upper notes were by no means grateful. It struck me that many other characters would have suited him better. Madame Melba appeared as Marguerite, and sang with her accustomed brilliancy, especially in the "Jewel Song," M. Plançon being a grand Mephistopheles.

THE BROTHERS  
DE RESZKE

are at Carlsbad, on account of the eminent tenor, whose throat still gives him some trouble. He is anxious to gain strength, having engaged to appear in "Siegfried" at Paris in December.

The London Concert Season has been a perfect whirl for the musical critic. I have had, on an average, four concerts daily, to say nothing of the Opera at night. One of the best of the recent concerts was that of the excellent baritone, Mr. David Bispham, who sang music of all kinds, from Mozart's "Non più andar" to negro melodies. The season has not been a very profitable one for concert-givers, and I happen to know some estimable vocalists and pianists who did not pay their expenses. On the other hand, a few were unusually successful—for example, M. Paderewski and M. Kubelik. The latter

wonderful young violinist has created a sensation unequalled for many a year. He came of age only on the day of his last recital at St. James's Hall. He is the most simple-minded and unassuming musician I ever met and is truly grateful to his English admirers.

## "FROST" AND FRENCH IN LONDON.

Though some of the English companies have had to give up the fight against the heat—or the "frost," as the profession would call it—the French companies have held out successfully. Madame Bernhardt has



MDLLE. CALVÉ IN "MESSALINE," AT THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



succeeded in drawing good houses with her revivals of "Phèdre," in which she played superbly, of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," wherein M. Coquelin once more showed himself unapproachable as a broad comedian, and "Cyrano de Bergerac," better played than ever before in

London, since she took the part of Roxane and showed unexpected depths in the character, arousing the perspiring playgoers to a state of enthusiasm. Moreover, Madame Réjane, at the Globe, without giving any novelties, has been successful.

#### THE CENSOR.

It is curious that there should be a simultaneous agitation against two Censors at once—against the military Censor and the theatrical. As regards the latter, the trouble arises from the prohibition of the Turkish "Harem" play. Of course, the matter really is one of great difficulty, seeing it would be deplorable to have any friction with a foreign country over a farce; whilst, on the other hand, those who suffer financially because the foreigners are over-

sensitive are really to be pitied. As a matter of fact, rather large licence is given by the Censor, as a rule, in such matters, and the thoughtful playgoer often groans at the tactless insults to foreigners gratuitously uttered in our playhouses. It is pretty certain that the Censorship, which has survived more dangerous attacks, will remain unaffected by the present agitation.

#### OTOJIRO KAWAKAMI AND SADA YACCO.

Those strange but strong tragedians from Tokio, Mr. Otojiro Kawakami and Madame Sada Yacco, lately presented another extraordinary drama at the Criterion. This piece is called "The Shogun," but it has less to do with Jap ordnance than with Jap ordinances. As a matter of fact, a Shogun is a sort of Commander-in-Chief, a kind of Sub-Mikado. At least, that is how Mr. Kawakami described him to me. "Mikado, big One" (quoth Kawakami); "Shogun, not so big Two!"

Kawakami plays one Yoshiaki, a sometime Buddhist priest, who, finding that his brother Yoshmori, the said Shogun, is ruling oppressively, comes home and "makes things hum," as they say in America. It is a very dramatic piece, and should, together with the revived little play, "Zingoro, the Earnest Statue-Maker," at once be seen, if only for the powerful and realistic acting of Otojiro and his wonderful little wife Sada, who is good enough to be called Sada Bernhardt. La Loie Fuller's newest dances are also as deeply interesting as they are profoundly clever. The Japs have migrated to the Shaftesbury, where they opened last Monday, the 15th inst.

#### MORE ABOUT THE JAPS.

The Sketch representative told off to interview that intense little tragedian, Otojiro Kawakami, and his charming little Jap wife, Sada Yacco, found the Japanese actor as full of genuine drollery and humour as he is of intelligence and business acumen. He was delighted when, with the limited Japanese at my command, I informed him that the object of my visit behind the scenes was to obtain from him pictorial and other matter for *The Sketch*. He replied, breaking for the nonce into English, "Yace" (meaning "yes"), "Sketch! Good; picture—Kawakami!—Wife Sada Yacco! Plays! Act! Me—takie photo-graffes—on sheep!"

Here I seemed to get a little mixed, until the good Kawakami, with his wonderfully realistic power of gesture, indicated the rolling of the sea, together with other details, and then it suddenly dawned upon me that he meant "ship." Certain of these pictures and photos have already been exhibited in *The Sketch*. I give this week

#### A REAL JAPANESE DRAWING,

by Kawakami himself, depicting one of the principal scenes in his published book of tragedies.

#### KAWAKAMI, IN HIS NATIVE TOWN,

runs a theatre of such importance that it might almost be called the Tokio Lyceum and Drury Lane rolled into one. One of the pictures in a Jap volume lent me by Kawakami contains not only a quaint drawing of his T. R. Tokio's "elevation," but also an extraordinary presentment of the

interior thereof, filled with numberless little black dots representing the heads of his audience. Among other things, I gathered that, when Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami first left their native island to seek Thespian renown in foreign lands, they set out in a tiny boat, accompanied by a servant apiece, evidently with the intention of rowing all the way. Of course, they were soon undeceived, and, as a matter of fact, the Kawakamis' description of the sufferings that befell them would, I fear, only cause laughter, although it was no joke to them. Kawakami furthermore informed me that he has for some years past turned out about three hundred pupils annually for positions in the Japanese theatres. He also assured me that no actor or actress is allowed by the Japanese Government to take to the native stage as a profession until he or she has passed a severe examination in all sorts of subjects, but especially in physiology and anatomy. It appears that the last two subjects are particularly compulsory, in order that the players concerned shall be able to depict faithfully every kind of death, as Japanese plays teem with deaths of every description, but especially those of a violent sort.

I also learnt that this fine actor and his beautiful little lily-complexioned wife may anon present native versions of

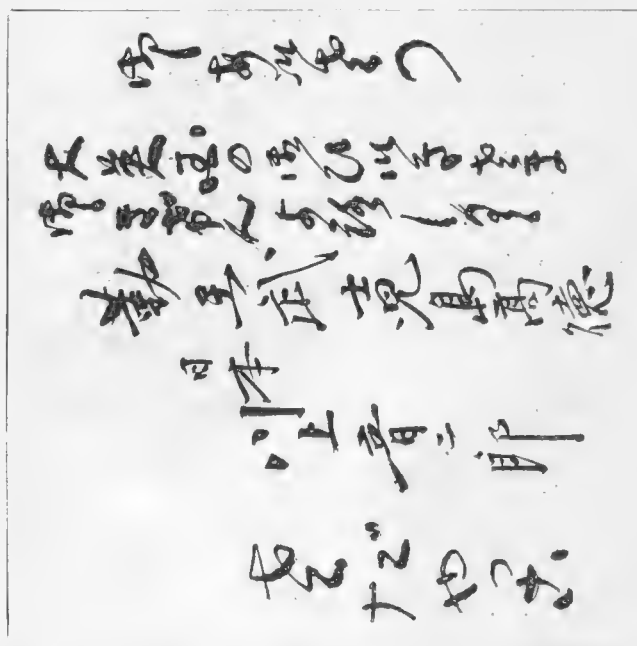
#### "OTHELLO" AND "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"

and I was pleased to learn that both Otojiro and Sada have a great affection for our native bard, although they have at present to study him in Japanese translations.

In conclusion, I have the pleasure to present to *Sketch* readers—with Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami's special compliments—not only their respective signatures, which they wrote for me in real Japanese, but also a little greeting in addition. The said greeting was translated by Kawakami for me thus: "Glate Ingrand"—meaning, Great England—"like us! Like our plays! Good luck to you!"

#### THE MUSIC-HALL SPORTS AT HERNE HILL.

At the Thirteenth Annual Music-Hall Sports at Herne Hill on July 9 everything went off without a hitch, for the simple reason that everyone worked with a will—Judges, Starters, Committee-men, right away down to the programme-sellers. The only flaw in the afternoon's enjoyment was the absence of the "stars" of the music-hall profession in the great assembly, which numbered several thousand persons. The Managers and Directors, &c., put in a goodly show, but it would be impossible to enumerate them all. However, there were noticeable Mr. Hugh Astley (who gave away the prizes, with appropriate remarks), Mr. Harry Lundy, Mr. Arthur Yates, Mr. Glenister, Mr. Vernon Dowsett, Mr. W. J. Grimes, Mr. Richard Warner, Mr. Paul Valentine, Mr. Walter de Frece, Mr. Robert Watson, Mr. Fred Jenney, &c. The running-handicaps and the bicycle-races evoked the utmost excitement, and these were contested by riders of world-wide repute. The donkey-races excited roars of laughter, but great admiration was expressed for one asinine steed, which won hands down. However, no event excited more interest than the 360 Yards Obstacle Running Handicap, chiefly for the reason that Miss Selina Seaforth, the well-known athlete and sketch-artist, negotiated all the obstacles with surprising pluck in the cause of the deserving Charity, while adding a note of comicality which was well understood and thoroughly appreciated. Some side-incidents which kept people well amused were Cliffe Berzac's really marvellous animal-performance,



"GREAT ENGLAND LIKE US! LIKE OUR PLAYS!  
GOOD LUCK TO YOU!"

Facsimile of Sada Yacco's and Kawakami's Jap Greeting to "The Sketch" Readers.

representing two different ponies' wild endeavours to keep their footing on a revolving table, and an encounter between a monster chanticleer and an ordinary game-cock. The whole entertainment was well organised and carried out, and it was estimated that about £500 would be added to the funds of the Charity.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*That Word "Gymkhana"—London in Early Morning—By the Thames—The Question of Food—Cyclists' Insurance—"Rationals" in Paris—The Harrogate Camp*

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 17, 9.8; Thursday, 9.7; Friday, 9.6; Saturday, 9.5; Sunday, 9.3; Monday, 9.2; Tuesday, 9.

Let me again make a protest against the use of the word "gymkhana" in connection with bicycle-sports. One cannot take a ride without continually coming across placards announcing that a "Bicycle Gymkhana" will take place in such-and-such a person's grounds. The phrase is bad English, to start with, and the use of the word "gymkhana" is on a par with the habit to be reprobated that so many people have of using a foreign word they do not understand in preference to a plain, simple word of their own language. I suppose the introduction of "gymkhana" into England must be laid at the door of some old, retired Indian official who was accustomed to it when out in the dazzling but broiling East. The man is, of course, forgiven for using an expression which he is mostly accustomed to. But there is no excuse for folks to adopt such a word when there is a better English word to put into its place. What is the matter with the word "sports"? Is "gymkhana" used because it is supposed to signify something more refined than ordinary cycling sports? Or is it just a little bit of that affected snobbery which taints the middle classes?

The sun now rises at four in the morning, though there is good light for nearly an hour before. How many cyclists have ever gone out for a spin through London streets at break of day? Personally, I have never deliberately done so, but many a time I have ridden four or five miles across London on my way home at such an hour. It is a novel experience. Not only are the streets practically deserted, looking curious to eyes accustomed to see them crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, but you are generally surprised with the heave of the roadway. There are many of our main thoroughfares in London which, when crowded, seem to be comparatively level, whilst, cleared of the traffic, they are undulating. Again, few folks have an idea of how fresh and sweet the air can be, even in London, at early morning. I have ridden down Queen Victoria Street, for instance, at half-past three o'clock, with not a soul in sight save, it may be, a blinking policeman, and found the air filled with the chirrup of birds, not only that of quarrelsome sparrows, but also many other kinds. Ride past any bunch of trees in London at such a time, and you will find it a mass of song.

The other day I had a pleasant day hugging the Thames bank by riding on the tow-paths as far as I could on a jaunt Henley-wards. As a rule, the tow-paths presented a good surface, although now and then one came to a stretch of loose gravel, and more than once there was grass to be ridden over. Still, how enjoyable it was to keep to the side of our ever-charming river! There were no gradients. One pedalled along with infinite ease, and three or four times as quick as oarsmen rowed. Such a ride is to be recommended, if only to see the charming houseboats that line the Thames at different spots. A houseboat is one of the most beautiful things imaginable, and when I get rich enough I shall have one. I do not know the law of the case, but I confess I took no notice of some boards I saw erected by the Thames Conservancy prohibiting vehicles along the track.

As one who goes off touring whenever the chance presents itself, the matter of hotel charges is one of continuous interest to me. I still think three shillings is rather too much to pay for a piece of cold mutton, some gooseberry tart, and a morsel of cheese. Yet this is the sum one has to pay at a good many of the best hostleries. Also I regard one shilling and sixpence as somewhat too much for a cup of tea and a few slices of bread-and-butter. The other afternoon, when cutting back to London from mid-Surrey, I pulled up at Leatherhead, and at a little corner-shop I got a very good cup of tea, with three or four slices of bread and fresh butter, for sixpence. I suppose there was a margin of profit on it, but I could not help thinking of how, only the previous

afternoon, I had got a worse tea for one-and-six. Richmond Park is one of the most popular places for cyclists. Here you can get exercise with pleasant surroundings without having a long journey into the country. Lots of people make for Richmond itself for tea. But there is no necessity to do this. At most of the gatekeepers' lodges you can get a good cup of tea, bread-and-butter and jam, at a very reasonable figure.

The chance of a cyclist breaking his neck is, of course, more likely than if he took his pleasures as a pedestrian. It has been left for a French insurance agency to devise a scheme whereby the cyclist may insure himself. A little appliance is to be found in cycle-shops, and all the wheelman has to do is to jump off and drop in one penny and receive a coupon, which for that day will insure him against accidents.

A few weeks back, when I was in Paris, I wrote something appreciative in regard to the "rational" dress adopted by French ladies. From an insular point of view, there is, of course, something to be said

against this garb, and the suburban matron, who is usually a very superior person, sniffs contemptuously. But, from a common-sense point of view, there is no arguing the matter that "rationals" are the best. I have had sent me a cutting from one of the trade-papers, the *Cyclist*, in which it is urged that a cycling-skirt is "every bit as much a practical cycling garment." One passes over the vulgar reference to "French bagginesses on French baggages"; but it does seem a little strange that a paper devoted to the sport should say anything so stupid. Nobody who has ever seen an Englishwoman and a Frenchwoman ride bicycles can have the slightest doubt as to which is the more practicable.

There was a fear at one time that the famous Harrogate Camp of Cyclists would not take place this year. That fear, however, has happily passed; and the camp, which opens at the beginning of August, will probably be as lively and as enjoyable as ever. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the fraternising of cyclists on such an occasion as this. In the main, we are a chilly and phlegmatic people.

Yet, once the ice of reserve and that curious manner of suspiciously regarding each other, which amuses foreign nations, has been broken through, there are few folks who can take their enjoyment more pleasantly, despite the well-worn French saying. Any wheelman who wants to join the camp for a few days had better write to Mr. G. H. Smith, 23, Bank Street, Bradford.

J. F. F.

## MR. C. B. FRY'S RECORD.

At the close of the first week in July the highest position on the list of batting averages was occupied by Mr. C. B. Fry, whose most recent portrait appears on page 522. He had then played twenty innings, and had twice been not out, and in these circumstances the aggregate of 1398 gave him the remarkably fine average of 77.66. This he more than maintained by his performance in the match between Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. His first innings, amounting to 126, was one of brilliant description, and it is all the more noteworthy in that Mr. Fry was the only batsman who really mastered the very strong bowling the Players had at their command. At the time of his dismissal, the score of the Gentlemen stood at 203, so the character of his batting may readily be imagined. Once before, in 1899, he scored over a hundred runs against the Players, but the later innings is Mr. Fry's best in matches under the same title. His highest innings of the present season is 124, made in June against Leicestershire.



MISS LILY HANBURY, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF LADY CYCLISTS.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*Sandown.*

The Sandown Park Eclipse Meeting is one of the most popular fixtures of the year, so far as the "Upper Ten" is concerned, but the cheap ring at Esher is not quite so full as is the half-crown enclosure at Kempton Park on an August Bank Holiday. It is a pity that the Royal Box should be covered in canvas, and I think, despite the absence of Royalty, it might be opened for the inspection of Club members, as is done at Kempton Park. Mr. Hwfa Williams is a model Manager, but he rather soars towards exclusiveness in some things, and I really do think the fine military band might be stationed near to the number-board on the opposite side of the course. Visitors in Tattersall's and the cheaper rings at Sandown never hear a note of music, as the band is stationed close to the Royal Box. Now, on the race-card the fact that music is to be an item of the entertainment is duly announced—I will not say for the purpose of drawing the people, but as an item only. Therefore, I think the crowd should get a taste of what they have been led to look for.

*The Eclipse Stakes.*

The race for the Eclipse Stakes this year should attract plenty of attention, as opinion is divided between Epsom Lad and Diamond Jubilee. At the same time, if Royal Rouge, Disguise II., Energetic, Orchid, Winifreda, Pietermaritzburg, and one or two others go to the post fit and well, there should be plenty of speculation. The King's horse when at his best is a good 'un, and I think it will prove to be a very soft thing for Diamond Jubilee. I should add that I have been told all the year that Energetic would win a big race, and this may be his journey. I know several of the smartest speculators in England fancied the colt for the Two Thousand Guineas, but at the last moment it was decided not to run him. I hope Diamond Jubilee will be tractable on the day, and I hope H. Jones will be allowed to let the horse run his own race. Of course, Disguise II. may have come on a lot. He would need to, to turn the tables on the King's horse. I am truly sorry that Lord Rosebery sold off his horses last year. If he had only clung actively to the game for one more year, he might have owned some good winners. Again, he might easily have won another Derby with Lavengro, who, by-the-bye, was, through some blundering, struck out of the race.

*Futures.*

As I predicted would be the case, the market over the Liverpool Cup has burned itself out. It is a remarkable fact that the wagering over the Cups decided at Aintree is always of a most unreliable character. The general opinion is that Presbyterian will win, but I dare not give a selection just yet. The Stewards' Cup, to be run at Goodwood on July 30, will provoke plenty of speculation. Stealaway and The Raft have been backed on the Continental lists, while Cassine, Olympian, Sonatura, Spectrum, Inishfree, Lord Bobs, and Flambar have been inquired after. I hope Lauzun will go to the post. He belongs to the King, and is a smart three-year-old. If properly ridden, he should go close, but in this particular race so much depends on the start. I have many times seen the race won at the start. The horses drawn on the Stand side have little or no chance if they get off badly unless they have fourteen pounds in hand. I think the starting-place might be improved upon at a very slight cost, and Lord March should see to this. The Goodwood Plate, which is run over two miles, has attracted a capital entry, and this should prove to be one of the prettiest races as a spectacle run at the meeting. If animals like Santoi, Clarchaven, Jolly Tar, Mazagan, St. Moritz, Uniform, Solitaire, Miss Biddo, Avidity, and Holstein go to the post, there should be a very interesting race.

*Season-Tickets.*

The Great Eastern Railway issue season-tickets for the whole series of meetings held at Newmarket in each year. The Brighton and South Coast Railway issue tickets covering the Sussex Fortnight, and the South-Western issue weekly tickets for the Ascot Meeting. Now, I contend that every railway company would do well by issuing a season-ticket covering every race-meeting

held on their system. The regular racegoers would readily avail themselves of the boon, and the trouble saved to everybody would be immense. I wonder the Managers of Racing Clubs have not arranged with the railway companies so that Club subscriptions would include railway travelling free. This could be easily arranged. Further, it would mean a lot of money in the pockets of the Racecourse Managers who do their own catering, as there would always be a big attendance of members. The railway season-ticket arrangement, if properly worked, would, I feel certain, add greatly to the popularity of racing, and it requires only a little enterprise on the part of the Clerks of the Course to bring it about. I am surprised, by-the-bye, that the Clerks of the Course do not form themselves into an association and discuss this and many other questions of real interest to the racegoing public. Who will start a Clerks of the Course Association?

*Coups.*

Several fairly big starting-price coups have been brought off of late, but the favourite mediums for winning big sums over are the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. To the ordinary backer who knows nothing of stable secrets, I would always advise a waiting policy, as, in the case of both races, money talks at the eleventh hour, as a rule. It may be interesting to hear that thus

early, and long before the entries are due, long lists of offers are issued by "Tommy Short Odds and Co.," who trade on the Continent. Parthian II. is quoted at 33 to 1 for the long race, and 40 to 1 is offered against Jolly Tar, Courlan, Australian Star, Laffan, The Gaffer, Kilmarnock II., King's Messenger, Merry Gal, Santoi, and a dozen others. Many of the lot will be entered, and a few of them may go to the post, but quite half-a-dozen that I have seen quoted are on the unsound list. I think Jolly Tar will win a big race in the autumn. The offers on the Cambridgeshire are a bit more liberal: 40 to 1 is quoted against the name of Merry Methodist, while 50 to 1 is offered about Innocence, Little Eva, Lord Bobs, Spectrum, Santoi, Stealaway, The Raft, Caiman, and many others. In the early spring, in the course of a conversation with Lester Reiff, I told him that, in my opinion, Santoi and Spectrum were the keys to the handicap form this year. Neither had run then. They have since, though!

"Men of Straw." It is pleasant to notice all the men who go racing affecting Panamas, but, owing to the great demand, I am told, the price has gone up. It costs a guinea to purchase a really well-made Panama; yet we should not complain, for a Yankee sportsman tells me he pays ten dollars for his in the States. Now that Royalty is not going racing, I think all the men should dress in true tropical style, and, indeed, many do go to the

course in flannels. I commend the idea to visitors to Goodwood. The ladies look beautifully cool in their light muslins with transparent sleeves. Further, they have sunshades to protect their faces from the sun's rays.

*The Punter's Face.* I have of late been trying to read faces, just for my own amusement, but up to now my experiments have been only partially successful. I was in the Members' Enclosure at a certain suburban meeting the other day, and took stock of many of those present, with a view to seeing whether or not their faces gave the show away. Dealing with the ladies first, I found that in nineteen cases out of twenty it was easy to see by their faces whether they had backed a winner or a loser. The satisfied smile meant a perfect success, but the pouting lips and tearful eye told of misfortune. In diagnosing the men present I was perfectly mystified. The young men gave the game away in once by their loud "Hurrahs" if their horse had won, but the older stagers, win or lose, were simply immovable. One old punter who had been a Parliamentary candidate positively looked more miserable after he had won his money than before the race had started—if possible. Some of the losers bit their lips and tried to look pleasant, but failed lamentably; others were simply unalterable—they looked just as happy as losers as they did as winners. The bookies brightened noticeably when the outsiders rolled home, but after the first-favourite had copped they were as silent as death.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. C. B. FRY, WHO, ON HIS PRESENT FORM, SHOULD COME OUT ON TOP OF THE BATTING AVERAGES FOR THIS SEASON.

Photo by Foster (late E. H. Haeckels and Co.), Brighton.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE two coolest places in London during this recently arrived grilling weather must, I am quite convinced, be the top of St. Paul's and the Bath Club. Not that I have recently essayed atmospheric experiments at the former altitude, though retaining a lively recollection of it at a former stage of sight-seeing energy, when it blew great guns about the Ball, while only a gentle breeze disturbed the dust in the yard below. With the aquatic symposium in Dover Street I have, however, more immediate interchange, many friends being enthusiastic swimmers, and becoming more or less amphibious, so to speak, as each hot-weather comes round. A Ladies' Swimming Competition came off with great *éclat*, by the way, on Wednesday morning in last week, aquatic gymnastics being the order of the hour, water-polo, diving feats, long-distance races, and many graceful as well as fantastic exercises finding adept exponents amongst the members. Lady Emily Dyke gave away the prizes to the most expert water-nymphs, who looked enviably cool at the finish notwithstanding their exertions. How nice it would be, one could not help thinking, if one could only go about like the bathers in black silk "altogether" during this grilling stage of summer!

Quite the most interesting party of this party-less Season was that given by the Duchess of Wellington at historic Apsley House on Wednesday afternoon. When it is realised that this was the first big function since "Duchess Elizabeth's" famous fancy-ball twenty-six

his stirring times which are gathered here. Canova's colossal statue of Napoleon guards the foot of the Grand Staircase; while in the Waterloo Banquet-Room, which overlooks the Row, one sees the quaint bouquets of artificial flowers which were used when the Iron Duke gave a "Waterloo Banquet." In the Yellow Drawing-Room hang portraits



CREAM VOILE OVER LACE FOR RANELAGH.

years ago, it will be understood what added interest was attached to this gathering, hundreds of those invited never before having had the opportunity of inspecting the treasures of this unique house, memorable as the "Iron Duke's" residence. Many are the relics of "Arthur Patrick" and



[Copyright.]

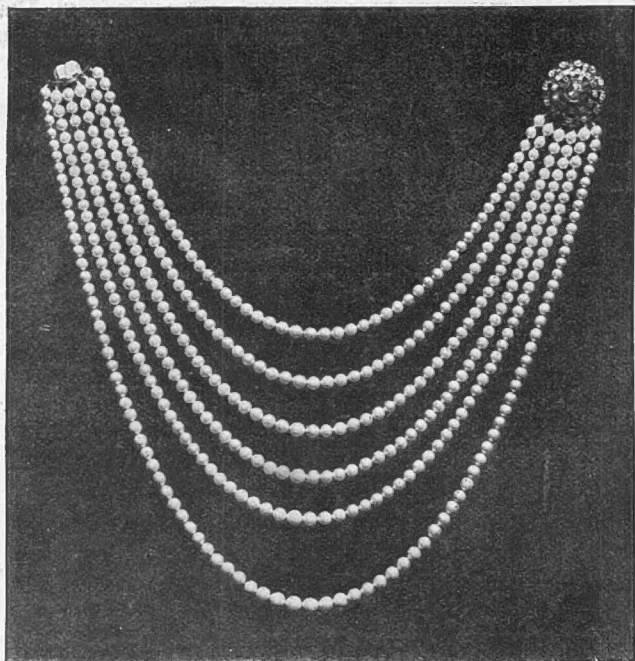
DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND CHIFFON.

of all the prominent soldiers of the day who helped the great Irishman to win his victories. Although the gardens were laden with beautiful flowers specially brought from Strathfieldsaye, people and interest centred chiefly about the house, and, as everybody who was anybody showed up, the scene was both a crowded and interesting one. Bright colours were, of course, conspicuously absent, black and white abounding, though mauves were many too. Lady Katherine Le Poer Trench, who came with her mother, Lady Clancarty, looked very nice in a white-and-black silk muslin gown. Lady Evelyn Giffard and Lady Ancaster's pretty daughters were also amongst the "groups and troops" of guests, which numbered many hundreds.

The Duchess of Sutherland's "tweed" garden-party had this year the enhanced attraction of the divine Sarah's presence. The magnificent Frenchwoman was in her most captivating mood and looks, and her pale-rose silk gown with broad applications of cream lace was a revelation of artistic simplicity. A long, cream-coloured coat of silk, strapped with cloth of the same colour, was worn over this dress, and Madame Sarah's hat was a *chef-d'œuvre* in black and white tulle covered with cream-coloured lace. The great actress was lavish in her purchases, as, indeed, were most of the guests, and a lively trade went forward in the well-known Harris and Sutherlandshire tweeds. Black-and-white gowns were almost exclusively in evidence, except for a few mauves to be seen here and there, and the Duchess of Sutherland's silver-grey glacé silk stood out in contrast to the unrelieved black of the Duchesses of Portland and Devonshire, who are obliged by Court regulations to adhere to this



sombre tone, as both the Dukes hold appointments from the Crown. Although now, at the very end of all things social and sartorial, is no time for the introduction of novelties, yet are enterprising French modistes, with that enviable energy that never seems to flag, sending over various developments of bolero, one of the last versions of this



THE £20,000 NECKLACE.

useful little garment being of white plissé voile, which would go very daintily over a mousseline blouse. It was cut décolletée fashion, the back and front being held together by shoulder-straps of black ribbon-velvet. I also saw one, similarly shaped, made in ivory lace, and worn over a very pale-green cloth dress with quite excellent effect.

Travelling-frocks and driving-cloaks are now, however, beginning to share our attention with these other flimsinesses of costume, and next week will see many hurrying mountain- or moor-wards out of this hot hurly-burly of town life. Homburg is filling fast, and the excellently hygienic and health-giving Marienbad does not fall off in popularity. Many people who like to explore fresh fields and pastures new in the time-honoured manner are trying Salsomaggiore this year. One hears rapturous descriptions concerning climate, scenery, and so forth from those who, tiring of Switzerland and other "annual inevitables," are now turning their thoughts to Italy as an autumn possibility. Salsomaggiore has, moreover, the distinct advantage of not being overdone with tourists.

Mr. Arthur Hare, who has, by the way, just returned from "the Front," gave a *matinée* at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday, the 16th, in aid of the Horse Ambulance Fund, to a crowded and appreciative audience. The function had the additional attraction of producing a new play by this clever young actor, called "The Vengeance of Mrs. Vansittart," in which the author took one of the old-men parts in which he is so effective. If applause from a hot audience on a hot afternoon be any criterion of merit, Mrs. Vansittart should soon bring her vengeance into the evening bill.

Talking of melting moments, atmospherically (not emotionally) speaking, I have come to the conclusion that five o'clock, during heat-wave periods, can be much more pleasantly spent in the bathroom, with some of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia as an adjunct, than in crowded rooms with tea and strawberries going on downstairs and exhausted Blue or other Hungarians on the first landing. I have tried both, and give an unqualified vote for Scrubb *versus* tea-parties.

SYBIL.

#### SHEEN HOUSE CLUB FÊTE.

In this sultry summer weather, the Sheen House Club vies in popularity with the pleasant lawn of the Old Welcome Club in the gardens of the Royal Military Exhibition. The rich verdure and umbrageous nooks of the East Sheen Club are really delightful to those members who can escape from town. A host of lucky ones did so last week, when Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim, who was accompanied by Princess Hanau, opened the charming country fair in aid of several deserving charities. Lady Maud Wilbraham, Lady Mountmorres, Lady Brackenbury, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, Madame Sada Yacco, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Coffin, Miss Julie Opp, and Miss Constance Collier were among those who helped to make this fashionable fête a brilliant success.

#### TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS FOR A NECKLACE.

What a liberal education in art the sedulous attendant at Christie's sales in King Street should acquire! I have known paintings of great intrinsic value sold at Christie's for a mere song. It is common knowledge that fortunes are given there for an Old Master or radiant gem. On the 9th inst., the necklace of four hundred and twenty-four pearls photographed on this page, belonging to a French lady of rank, realised no less than £20,000!

As any improvement in the telephonic apparatus must be of service to the public, a word of commendation may be bestowed upon the "Telaupad," or telephone-receiver cushion, which adds to the clearness of messages. The address of the "Telaupad" Company is 86, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

The special week-end excursions announced by the Great Central Railway include one on Saturday, July 20, from London (Marylebone) to the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern district. Tickets will be issued to Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, York, Grimsby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Guide Bridge, Stockport, Manchester, Oldham, Warrington, Liverpool, Leicester, and many other places in the districts mentioned.

The Great Western Railway announce an attractive series of express summer services to Weymouth, Guernsey, Jersey, Minehead, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Plymouth (Mill Bay), Newquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, Tenby, Malvern, Birmingham, Dolgelley, Barmouth, and Aberystwyth; also West of England excursions every Thursday morning, Thursday night, and Friday night, for a week, a fortnight, &c. Tourist tickets available for two months by any train are issued at Paddington to the Channel Islands, West of England, North and South Wales, &c.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that on every Wednesday until further notice (July 31 and Aug. 7 excepted) cheap day excursions will leave London (Euston Station) at 9.15 a.m. for Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon. The train will arrive at Kenilworth at 11.35 a.m., where coaches will be in readiness to drive to Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle, and Stratford-on-Avon, allowing time for luncheon at Warwick; or passengers may travel on their own cycles between Kenilworth and Stratford-on-Avon. The return train will leave Stratford-on-Avon (E. and W. Junction Railway) at 6.55 p.m., arriving Euston at 10.25 p.m. Fares: third-class rail and coach drive, 16s. 7d.; or third-class rail only, including conveyance of one bicycle at owner's risk, 15s. 1d.

Whatever may be the opinions held by people at home anent the treatment accorded to our Brother Boers who have the good-fortune to be prisoners-of-war, there seems to be but one—and that of the most favourable—held by the prisoners whose comparatively happy lot is cast in Bloemfontein, for, wishing to acknowledge in some way the kindness of the Assistant-Provost-Marshal, Captain Salmon, they recently presented him with an illuminated photograph of themselves. The gallant Captain himself appears in the centre of the group, and the photograph bears the legend, in letters of gold, "To Captain Salmon, Assistant Provost-Marshal Bloemfontein: A trifling memento of Tent No. 1, War Prisoners' Camp, Bloemfontein, in token of his kindly and considerate treatment extended to all War Prisoners. Wishing him a successful and brilliant career." The concluding sentence is doubly significant considering its origin. The photograph is inscribed with the prisoners' names, and will doubtless be a much-prized memento of Captain Salmon's stay in South Africa.



Princess Löwenstein-Wertheim.

Princess Hanau.

THE PRINCESS PATRONESSES AT THE SHEEN HOUSE CHARITY FÊTE.

Photo by the Biograph Company.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 29.*

## THE WEEK.

AT the beginning of the month we said that the then coming Account would probably be the dulllest in the whole year, and so it has proved. Depression in all markets and an utter lack of business have been the prevailing state of affairs, and the causes which have brought about this unhappy condition are not, it seems, quite exhausted yet. In Germany, a very uneasy feeling, caused by bank failures and rumours of



A BOER HOMESTEAD.

other industrial troubles, exists, and a good bit of Continental selling has gone on all through the Account. In the United States there have also been troubles, and fears of something like a crisis are not quite without foundation, while in Argentina we are faced with the withdrawal of the Funding scheme from which much was hoped. Even in this country the markets have had to swallow the Allsopp smash, to say nothing of the probability of a 4 per cent. Bank Rate in the autumn. Probably, however, the most serious trouble here, despite the House Haunter's scepticism, is the fact that the Yankee syndicate which took up one-half the last issue of Consols has never properly digested its food, and, with the chance—some people think more than chance—of its money being wanted elsewhere, is a seller of our premier security upon all favourable occasions.

Our contemporary, the *Daily Mail*, has the last day or so been giving some account of a new Nitrate Company, to be called the Pan de Azucar, which is about to be issued. As a matter of fact, we were able to supply our readers with the information a month ago, and but for a pledge of secrecy should have mentioned the name of the venture at that time. We think (as we said weeks ago) that it will be a good thing, especially for the people who got in at underwriting terms.

## THE ARGENTINE BREAKDOWN.

Now that the text of the Argentine Unification scheme has come to hand, it is not difficult to understand the Press crusade, ending in mob demonstrations, which has caused its withdrawal, nor does it seem necessary to attribute the hostility with which the measure was met to underhand intrigues of commission-hunters and the like.

In the first place, the Bill was by no means complete, for both the 1886 and Funding loans were not included within its scope. In the second, the foreign debt under the scheme would have been increased by 90,000,000 dollars, or about £18,000,000 sterling, while, as far as we can see, the saving in interest would have been very small. It is true that the amortisation charges were to have been postponed for five years, but the price for such a boon was a bit high, it must be confessed.

Tax-payers and creditors often look at proposals not quite eye-to-eye, so that, however flattering to the bondholders the stringent regulations with regard to the service of the proposed Consolidated 4 per cent. loan may have been, the inhabitants of the country could not be expected to be enthusiastic over them.

On the whole, it appears to us that the scheme was by no means ideal, for it admittedly failed to bring the whole of the foreign debt into a common form, while the saving of interest was purchased by a great capital increase. The holders of cheap Argentine issues would, no doubt, have benefited by the passage of the Bill, and for them its rejection is a misfortune, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that the opposition had good grounds for the agitation which has for the present killed the Bill. It by no means follows that a new and better measure will not be brought forward in the near future.

## YANKEES AND FOREIGNERS.

The break in Yankee Rails has been pretty severe, although, owing to a much better bank statement than was expected, prices did not leave off at their worst. The only support of the market has been a little Dutch buying. Both the Berlin and New York positions are distinctly uncomfortable, and, as always happens under such circumstances, a host of bear rumours have been going round. Such shares as Milwaukee, Atchison, and Union Pacifics have suffered most, but for the moment it looks as if the worst was over. While New York has been selling Railways, Berlin has been turning out specialities such as Brazilian, Argentine, and Chinese stocks; fortunately, however, the bull account here is very small, so that no trouble need be apprehended from the mess into which the German financiers have got themselves.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

Account-days, like many other things, are not what they used to be. In the "good old days" we had to sit in our offices from ten o'clock to four, obtain outside help for cheque-collection, and trust to Providence so far as limits were concerned. In these degenerate times, however, when business is as plentiful as snowflakes, the Day of Settlement can be lightly left to the office staff, and the broker's only anxiety is whether all his clients will meet their differences on Yankees. Beyond that, the Account-day to him is about as miserable as the other sessions of the fortnight. (I apologise for saying "sessions"; it is American, admittedly, but I do not know what other word to use.) Large bulls of Yankees have been giving their brokers sleepless nights of late, and their eager demands for advice as to how they should act are exceedingly difficult to meet. Supposing that all the stories are true that we hear of America's superabundant prosperity, can it be reasonably contended that, intrinsically, Atchison Common are worth even 75, or Unions a few dollars under par? Looking at the list of Yankee Rails by the sober light of reason, it is transparently obvious that many of the shares are preposterously inflated in value, and that a further fall must follow, since the millionaires will refuse to play Atlas to the market for ever. But, in discussing Americans, one must look to very different colours than that merely of pale reason alone. Of late the bears have taken to dimming the glass darkly. Rate-cutting, crop failures, magnate quarrels, Steel strikes, bad dividends, and so forth, have all been pressed into the ursine service, and have been pretty readily swallowed by us in London, who have turned pessimists under vague apprehension of financial stress in other world-centres—not our own. But a week hence, and the colour will have changed again, unless all experience proves false. Very likely the *volte-face* will come even before this prophecy braves the final printed page. Myself, I do not believe that the more speculative Yankees will maintain their present prices, but the market is so fickle that there seems every possibility of an upward spurt before the real drop begins. Under all circumstances, it would appear that those who are bulls of Yankees might wait for a reactionary recovery, and others who are not might find it profitable to keep out of the market for a while.

Only those who have to suffer it can imagine the insufferable heat of the House in the summer months. Within the last few days the thermometer in the Home Railway Market has been over 80 degrees, and all the sartorial traditions of the Stock Exchange are ruthlessly scattered by the hot wave. Venerable members complain that in their younger years no man would have dared enter the House in anything but a tall-hat, even though the weather were warm as melting wax, whereas straws are now openly sported in the markets, and never a cry of remonstrance is raised. The ever-popular "Charlie" walks the West African Market in a cool white coat; others discard all clothes, except, of course, something underneath in shirt-shape, a jacket, and pair of extensions, the lighter the better. Our few dandies are no longer envied. Some of them have themselves been compelled to don a garb of comfort instead of the irreproachable frock-coat, &c., of the man of fashion. In fact, the costume of the Stock Exchange during the past few days points to the lamentable fact that the House stands in danger of forgetting its general motto of Respectability Before Ease.

While the barometer in the Home Railway Market rises, the stocks of that department go all the other way. The steady retrograde move is less the result of actual sales of stock than of sympathy with Consols and the gilt-edged brigade. Here we have the Funds standing at a lower figure than they have touched for over a quarter of a century—and in those earlier days, mind you, the interest on Consols was 3 per cent. Whence the tremendous sales of Goschens are issuing, nobody can truly tell. The story about the "thirty-million Syndicate" has, perhaps, received more credence than it deserves. But there is no doubt that heavy blocks of Consols have been, and are being, sold for Continental



CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY: LAYING THE RAILS.



account, mainly German, while America is also a large seller, from unsuspected sources. Even the appearance of the Government broker as a buyer failed to exercise more than a momentary effect; his comparatively small purchases for the Accumulative Consols accounts imparted no staying power to the flabby market. There is, unhappily, serious trouble in Germany, although it is to be hoped that London will suffer but little from the distress of financiers in Berlin, largely the result of the over-eager hand which the usually stolid German took in the Yankee gamble. He has latterly been sending his orders—through his bank, as a rule—direct to New York, and, now that the latter centre is in want of all the money it can rake together, Berlin is given the cold shoulder, naturally enough. Hence the recent sales of Consols—or, at any rate, hence part of the sales.

Grand Trunks have been dragged down by reason of the slump in Yankees, but there is no necessity for the Second Preference to have so sharply receded. The next swing of the market pendulum should benefit Seconds more particularly. There is a somewhat large bull account open in them on behalf of the public, which is a thing that never does a market any good, but to buy and take up Trunk Seconds appears to be a healthy operation. There is considerably more spring in the stock than exists in Mexican Rails, which have disappointed their supporters time after time during the current year. The bad dividend has been followed by a series of worse traffics, and this in spite of the fact that both the "American" Mexican lines are doing fairly well—in comparison, that is to say, with the old-fashioned Mexican Railway Company. The prospects of the undertaking are all that are left to recommend the stock, but these are by no means bad. I certainly should not sell Mex. Rails if I held any of the issues. Before the dawn the sky is often dark. (Rather fancy that remark has been made before by other though less distinguished authors.)

Managers, Trustees, and Nursing Fathers of the Stock Exchange, lend me your ears! In the washing-room of the House there stands an iron vessel used for drinking purposes. Why is that filled with lukewarm, undiluted water, O Sirs? Here is a golden opportunity for popularising the Stock Exchange as a dividend-earning concern. Fill that vessel, and a dozen others like it, with iced champagne, and have the fact announced in the daily papers. Anyway, I do think that it should at least be kept supplied with iced whisky-and-soda for the benefit of other thirsty Stock Exchange souls besides THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### THE KAFFIR MARKET.

From the Kaffir Circus the big financial houses are gradually withdrawing their assistance. Whether it be from disgust at the eternal length of the War, from despair of the public taking a hand again, or from some other reason, we cannot say. It is sufficient to know that those who can—and, in all fairness, ought to—provide necessary carrying-over facilities are withdrawing their aid more and more each Account, leaving the market to finance itself. This is the explanation in part of the very onerous rates that bulls of Kaffirs are having to pay this coming Settlement. The policy of the magnates is a weak one, however, and will work only evil to their own best interests, for speculators will not buy when they know there will be difficulties in the way of carrying-over, and on the buying of outside speculators the permanent maintenance of the market really depends.

It is refreshing to have once more monthly returns from the Transvaal, and, if the present ratio of progress is kept up for a few months, we shall soon be talking of buying Kaffirs as an investment once more—which they undoubtedly are, and good investments, so long as the purchase is tempered with patience and the buyer can afford to forego interest on his money for another eighteen months. Kaffirs are low at the present time, and the man who waits to get in at the very lowest price is he who generally misses his market altogether.

Shares of the most recuperative character must be sought in the Gold department. Excluding Rand Mines, which are the best things to buy, but too heavy for the average speculative investor, Village Main Reef are high amongst those which come rapidly to the fore on any pronounced recovery in the market. But these are also high-priced, and perhaps the selector would prefer May Consolidated, the price of which is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , or Jumpers, which stand at 5. Apex shares we have noticed on several former occasions as having a rare power of advancing upon any general buoyancy. But it must be remembered that we may still have some time to wait for the finish of the War, upon whose termination depends the revival of the Kaffir market.

In the Land Group there is a good deal of interest now centred upon Chartered shares. Really Rhodesians, they are nearly always considered with Kaffirs, being dealt in in the same market, and possessing a much wider following than that of the Rhodesian section proper. The other day Chartered were changing hands at 3, a price at which they are seldom allowed to remain. At 3, or in its neighbourhood, they appear to have a very fair chance of returning a five-shillings profit to the present buyer, for the slightest breath of market activity would hoist the price to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  with perfect ease. The Company has, of course, suffered largely from the War with the Transvaal, one of the principal hindrances being that to traffic of every description.

To the courtesy of the British South Africa Company we are indebted for the Rhodesian pictures which we publish this week.

Saturday, July 13, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

G. P. B.—The position of the various Great Central issues is very open to question. Two of the South Yorkshire rent-charges are contingent on profits, so far as the general earnings of the line go, but are probably cumulative on the South Yorkshire part of the undertaking. Even the company does not appear willing to give an authoritative ruling, and there are the elements of some pretty litigation in the position. We were quite aware of the facts when we wrote.

C. G. D.—The fall is due to general dullness and to the failure of the funding scheme. We should hold for an improvement.

ALPHA.—Your list is not bad; if you will take a business risk for big interest, the Harbeck shares are worth picking up.

PAPER.—Why the *Lady's Pictorial* shares are so low we do not know, but the profits will show a substantial improvement on last year when the report is issued. The Pearson meeting will take place at the end of this month.

A. H.—See the "House Haunter's" letter, which deals with the very question you raise.

AXIM.—We are very sceptical as to the real value of the majority of the Jungle shares. The two companies you inquire about are among the best, but, even then, you must consider the matter in the light of a gamble.

We are asked to state that the new works of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company in Glasgow are now in working order. All the work that was done in the old factory is being carried on in the new, and the company is now in a position to meet all the demands of its customers, which at this time of the year was formerly impossible.

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